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**The Contradictions of Courbet**

**Paul Valéry on "Museums"**

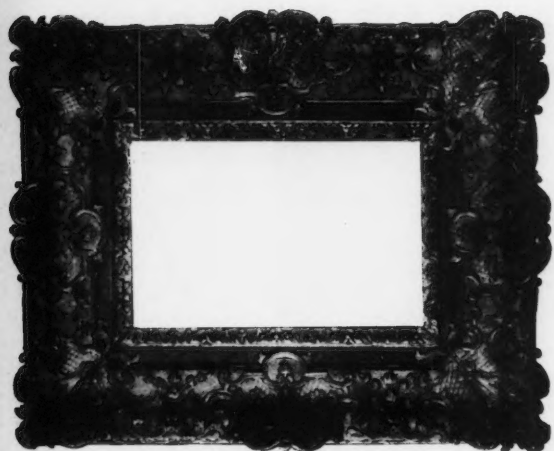


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# ARTS

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## Contributors

The essay on "The Problem of Museums," by the late Paul Valéry, is drawn from the collection of the French poet's art criticism which the Bollingen Series will publish later this month under the title of *Degas, Manet, Morisot*. The translation is by the English writer David Paul. This book of essays will form the third volume to be published in the Collected Works of Paul Valéry under the editorship of Jackson Mathews. An essay on this book will appear in a future number of ARTS.

Annette Michelson, who writes this month on the important midwinter exhibition of Surrealism in Paris, is ARTS's regular Paris correspondent. She has been a resident of the French capital for the past decade, and writes out of a close involvement with the artistic and literary life of France. She is the translator of Sartre's *Literary and Philosophical Essays* (Criterion Books) and numerous other works on literary and art subjects.

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Sonya Rudikoff, whose contribution in this issue takes up the problem of relevance in current art criticism, has written frequently for *Partisan Review* and *Hudson Review*.

The Viennese-born art historian Dr. Alfred Werner, whose essay on Courbet is occasioned by the comprehensive exhibition in Philadelphia and Boston, teaches at the School of General Studies, City College of New York. He is also the United States correspondent for *Pantheon*, Munich, the international art magazine which ceased publication under the Hitler regime and has now resumed activity.

Mary McCarthy's *The Stones of Florence* is reviewed by the poet Jean Garrigue. A contributor to many literary journals in America, Miss Garrigue is also the author of two volumes of poetry, *The Ego and the Centaur* (published by New Directions) and *The Monument Rose* (Noonday Press).

George Dennison, who reviews New York exhibitions regularly for ARTS, writes the "Month in Review" department in this issue. Mr. Dennison lives in Hoboken, New Jersey, and has written for the *Kenyon Review*.

## On the Cover

A view of the "Exposition internationale du Surréalisme" at the Galerie Daniel Cordier in Paris. See Annette Michelson's "But Eros Sulks," pages 32-39.

## Forthcoming

Hilton Kramer writes on a major exhibition of "Construction and Geometry in Painting" at the Galerie Chalette in New York . . . Vernon Young reports on a show of Spanish masters in Stockholm . . . George Woodcock is preparing an essay on Ruskin, on the occasion of Phaidon's new anthology . . . James R. Mellow writes on Monet . . .

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CEZANNE	<i>L'Allée du Jas de Bouffan, c. 1870-71</i>
MONET	<i>Houses of Parliament, London, 1904</i>
MATISSE	<i>Femme au Chapeau Bleu and Deux Filles à Nice</i>
VLAMINCK	<i>Harbor Scene and Flowers</i>
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## LETTERS

### Kandinsky and Rudolf Steiner

To the Editor:

I was much interested in the "Interview with Gabrièle Münter" [January] by Edouard Roditi, and the light which it threw on Kandinsky.

In the last paragraph of the article there was reference to the influence of Marianne de Werefkin on the intensity of his creative productivity, and it spoke of her "constant discussions with Kandinsky, whom she had finally converted to her own anthroposophical theories of abstract art, derived, whether Kandinsky knew it or not, from Rudolf Steiner's interpretations of Goethe's controversial 'Theory of Color'."

In this connection it is significant that in his *Concerning the Spiritual in Art*, Kandinsky refers to Rudolf Steiner and the movement which he represented in the words "one of the most important spiritual movements . . . who seek to approach the problem of the spirit by way of INNER knowledge . . . which has been formulated with relative precision." His final sentence in the book is: "We have before us an age of conscious creation, and this new spirit in painting is going hand in hand with thought toward an epoch of great spirituality."

This was evidently written in the early days of both Steiner and Kandinsky, just before the founding of the "Anthroposophical" movement and while Steiner was still functioning within the frame of the Theosophical Society. A footnote makes the following reference: "See Rudolf Steiner's *Theosophy* and his article on methods of cognition in *Lucifer-Gnosis*."

I was glad to see this matter brought up in your article, as it is a key to much of the substance of his book and to the character of creativity of this period of Kandinsky's work, which is, to this writer at least, the most fruitful period of his career. I have often referred to this in my lectures on "Spiritual Meaning in Modern Art."

MAULSBY KIMBALL  
Englewood, New Jersey

### The Guggenheim Museum

To the Editor:

Recently on a stay in New York, I visited the new Guggenheim Museum, and think your evaluation [December] of the Wright-Sweeney collaboration hit the nail squarely on the head.

H. MAXSON HOLLOWAY  
Troy, New York

### Request for Information: Jean Arp

To the Editor:

A complete catalogue of Jean Arp's reliefs—not sculptures, but reliefs—is currently being undertaken under the supervision of the artist. For the purposes of this catalogue I would be most grateful for information on the past and present whereabouts of such reliefs. The information should be accompanied, if at all possible, by a photograph of the relief, with indication of dimensions. Photographic fees will be assumed by the producers of the catalogue.

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## AUCTIONS

### The Gourgaud Collection To Be Sold at Parke-Bernet

**T**HE Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York have announced the coming sale, in an evening session to be held on March 16, of important modern paintings, drawings and sculptures from the collection of the late Baroness Gourgaud, Paris, as well as from other sources.

Impressionist works offer Manet's *Femme Assise*, recorded in Wildenstein (No. 381); two canvases by Boudin; Cézanne's *L'Allée du Jas de Bouffan* (c. 1870-71), formerly in the Vollard collection; Monet's atmospheric *Houses of Parliament, London* (1904); and a late portrait by Renoir, *Andrée de Face en Rose sur Fond Bleu*.

Major Post-Impressionist paintings include Gauguin's *Portrait of a Little Girl from Brittany*; two works by Matisse, *Femme au Chapeau Bleu* and a sunny interior scene, *Deux Filles à Nice*; a *Harbor Scene* and a study of *Flowers* by Vlaminck; Vuillard's portrait of *Mme Hessel*; Valat's *Femme Assise*, a portrait of his wife; and works by Utrillo, Modigliani, Marquet and Dufy.

The Expressionist category presents a frequently exhibited gouache by Chagall, *The Water Carrier*, and works by Nolde and Rouault. Among the Cubist and abstract works in the collection are three important paintings by Léger—the 1914 Cubist composition, *Le Fumeur*, a strong 1921 *Landscape* and a *Still Life with Pipe*—as well as Franz Marc's *Spherical Forms*, a *Head* by Archipenko and a Juan Gris abstraction.

An impressive group of sculptures includes bronzes by Daumier and Rodin, a *Girl with Dove* by Maillol, Barlach's terra-cotta *Russian Beggar*, the extremely rare bronze by Brancusi entitled *Blonde Negress*, done in 1926, and bronzes by Epstein and Lipchitz.

Comprising a near-museum, the works in the March 16 sale will be on public exhibition at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Avenue, beginning March 12.

### Artists, Writers Contribute to Benefit Sale for Fréjus

**A** DOUBLE sale at the Hôtel Drouot in Paris in early February concluded the series of charity auctions organized by *Arts*, the French weekly, for the benefit of Fréjus, the Provençal town which was virtually destroyed last November by the waters from a burst dam. The sale comprised 150 canvases contributed by artists as well as numerous autographs, manuscripts and first editions contributed by writers and illustrators. An earlier sale at the Galerie Charpentier, including among the contributions works by Picasso, Miró, Braque, Chagall and Giacometti, brought a total of 1,107,000 new francs, or more than \$225,000.

### AUCTION CALENDAR

**March 3, 4 & 5**, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Early American furniture, Carolean and Georgian brass and other decorative objects, wrought iron, English Delft ware, eighteenth-century and primitive paintings, rugs, collected by the late John K. Byard, Silvermine, Connecticut, sold by direction of his widow, Dorothy R. Byard. Exhibition now.

**March 11 & 12**, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French and English furniture and decorations, from various sources, including the estate of the late Mrs. E. J. Heidsieck, and from other owners. Exhibition from March 5.

**March 16**, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Important modern paintings, drawings and sculptures, from the collection of the late Baroness Gourgaud, sold by order of the Eva Gebhard-Gourgaud Foundation, and from other sources. (For details see story above.) Exhibition from March 12.

**March 22**, at 1:45 p.m. & 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. The

library of the late Arthur Swann. First editions of American classics collected by the late director of Parke-Bernet's book department include *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Leaves of Grass* and works by early novelists including Longstreet, Simms, Kennedy, Bird and Copper. Exhibition from March 12.

**March 31**, at 8:00 p.m. Plaza Art Galleries. American, French and German modern paintings, prints and water colors, including examples by Vertès, Jaenisch, Higgins, Eilshemius, Trier, Urban, Wolff, Winter, Venard, Brackman, Corbino, Weidl and Hartung, sold by order of C. H. Kleemann. Exhibition from March 27.

**April 1 & 2**, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. The collection of the late Mrs. W. H. Phillippi, Buffalo, New York, sold by order of the executors of her estate. French and English eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, Chinese jades, a large category of clocks, as well as mirrors and Oriental rugs. Exhibition from March 26.

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## PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



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Charles Burchfield

The Ford Foundation has announced the recipients of awards, purchase prizes and exhibitions which complete a program the foundation initiated in July, 1958. Ten artists were awarded grants of \$10,000 each to enable them to devote themselves solely to their work for periods of one to three years. The recipients of these awards are: painters **Andrew Dasburg** of Taos, **Leon Golub** of Chicago, and **Loren MacIver**, **Kenzo Okada**, **Gabor Peterdi** (above) and **Richard Pousette-Dart**, all of New York; sculptors **Cosmo Campoli** of Chicago, **Hilda Morris** of Portland, Oregon, and **Bernard Reder** and **Gabriel Kohn** (above) of New York. Seven artists will be given retrospective exhibitions. They are: painters **Cameron Booth** of Minneapolis, **Paul Burlin**, **Jacob Lawrence** and **Balcomb Greene** of New York, and **Karl Zerbe** of Tallahassee, Florida; sculptor **José de Rivera** of New York; and print maker **Misch Kohn** of Chicago. Paintings by twenty-one artists from various parts of the country were purchased by the Foundation and will be given to museums of the artists' choice. The artists whose works were purchased include the painters **J. Bardin**, **George Bireline**, **Byron Burford**, **Jacob Elshin**, **Robert F. Gates**, **Leon Goldin**, **John Heliker**, **Paul Horiuchi**, **William Ivey**, **Keith M. Martin**, **Carl Morris**, **Richard Sussman**, **Joyce Treiman** and **John von Wicht**; sculptors **Dorothy Berge**, **Roy Gussow** and **Charles Umlauf**; and print makers **David F. Driesbach**, **Herbert L. Fink**, **Max Kahn** and **Malcolm H. Myers**. **W. McNeil Lowry** is director of the Ford Foundation's program in Humanities and the Arts. Thirty jurors, most of them artists, viewed the works of the nominees in nine locations through the United States. The final selection was made in New York by an anonymous jury.

**Frank Lobdell** (above) has been awarded the **Nealie Sullivan Award** of \$1,000. The award is the bequest of the late **Adeline Kent Howard**, and is given under the auspices of the **San Francisco Art Association** in recognition of an artist living and working in California. Mr. Lobdell, who is an instructor at the **California School of Fine Arts**, has won a number of important prizes in the San Francisco area. A show of eleven of his recent works was presented at the **De Young Museum** in San Francisco in February, and will be shown at the **Martha Jackson Gallery** in New York in April.

The **1960 Gold Medal for Painting** of the **National Institute of Arts and Letters** has been awarded to **Charles E. Burchfield**, the American water-colorist (above). The Gold Medal of the Institute is given each year in two cate-

gories of literature and the arts, not for a specific work, but for the entire production of the recipient. This year an award will also be made for essays and criticism. The formal presentation will take place in May, at a joint ceremony of the **National Institute** and the **American Academy of Arts and Letters**.

Prizes at the joint **Detroit Institute of Arts Second Biennial of Painting and Sculpture** and the **Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts' 155th Annual** were awarded to painters **Lee Gatch**, **James Brewton**, **David Park**, **Max Kahn**, **Leon Goldin** and **Nicholas Buhals** and to sculptors **Lee Bontecou** and **Nathan Rapoport**. Purchase prizes went to painters **Miyoko Ito**, **Ben Shahn**, **Hedda Sterne**, **Al Blaustein**, **Conrad Marca-Relli**, **Maurice Brown**, **David G. Pease** and **William Kienbusch**, and to sculptors **Isamu Noguchi**, **Arle Sinaiko**, **Seymour Lipton** and **Lee Bontecou**. Two additional awards, made in Philadelphia, went to painters **Sidney Simon** and **Celia Finberg**.

As in other years, the exhibition was part juried and part invited. It was assembled by the following artists: **Henry Varnum Poor**, **William Kienbusch** and **Sigmund Menkes** for painting, and **William Zorach**, **Seymour Lipton** and **Henry Rox** for sculpture.

The painter **Worden Day** has been appointed director of the **Mills Gallery** at **Mills College** in New York.

**Thomas M. Folds**, professor and chairman of the Department of Art at **Northwestern University** since 1946, has been appointed dean of education of the **Metropolitan Museum of Art** in New York. A graduate of **Yale College** and **Yale School of Fine Arts**, Mr. Folds was director of art at **Phillips Exeter Academy** in Andover, Massachusetts, before going to Northwestern. He has contributed to a number of art journals, and his activities include service as an industrial-design consultant, exhibition designer, lecturer on art and design subjects and regular television appearances in the Chicago area. Mr. Folds succeeds **Sterling A. Callisen**, who resigned last year to become president of the **Parsons School of Design** in New York. He will assume his post on July 1.

**Peggy Bacon**, graphic artist, and **Pietro Bel-luschi**, architect, have been elected vice-presidents of the **National Institute of Arts and Letters** at its last annual meeting. Also, **Glenway Wescott** was re-elected president, **Leonie Adams**, secretary, **Virgil Thomson**, treasurer, and **Edwin Dickinson**, **Randall Thompson**, **John Hall Wheelock** and **Richard Wilbur** vice-presidents for 1960.



## NEWS NOTES

The New School for Social Research in New York has announced a purchase program that will enable it to buy contemporary works of art during five consecutive years. The program has been financed by a \$50,000 grant from the Albert A. List Foundation. The exhibition program will be launched with a retrospective show of the school's art department. It will feature works by some forty teachers and former teachers, including Camilo Egas, Will Barnet, José de Creeft, Stuart Davis, Julio de Diego, Fritz Eichenberg, Antonio Frasconi, Chaim Gross, Robert Gwathmey, Stanley William Hayter, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Julian Levi, Seymour Lipton, Moses Soyer, Raphael Soyer, Richard Pousette-Dart, Abraham Rattner, Adja Yunkers and William Zorach. A \$5,000 purchase award will be assigned by the List Foundation Grant to buy one or several of the works exhibited. The exhibition is being organized by Paul Mocsanyi, art critic and member of the art faculty of the New School.

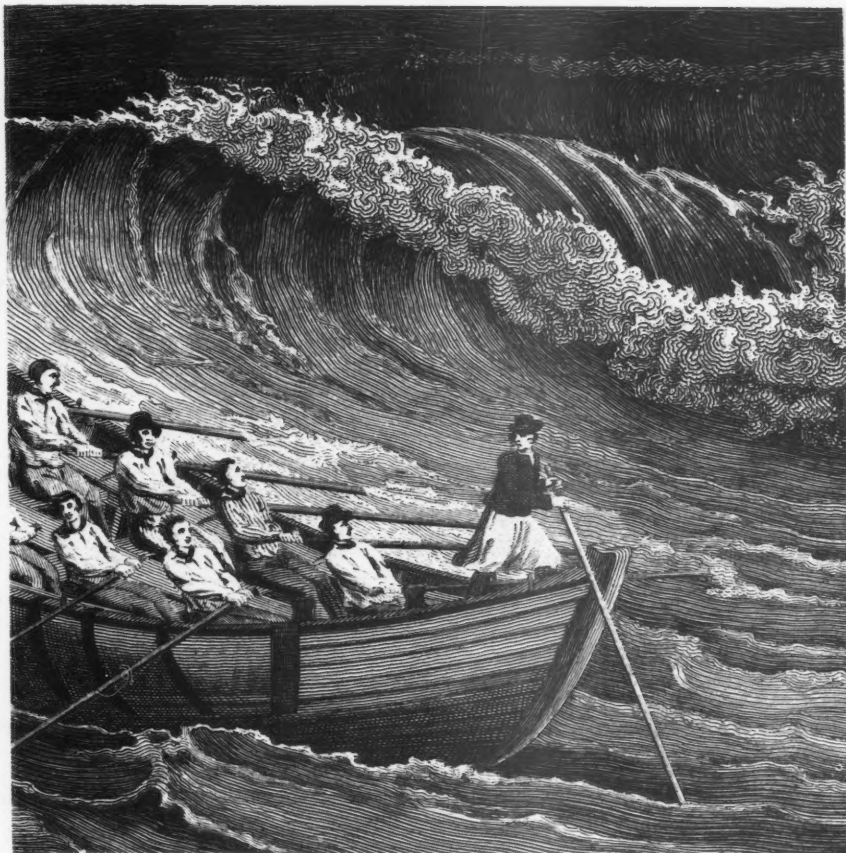
The National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa was officially opened in its new quarters on February 17 by the Right Honorable John G. Diefenbaker, Prime Minister of Canada. The Lorne Building, in which the gallery is now housed, offers five times as much space as did the old gallery in the Victoria Museum, and will provide enough wall space to make possible the exhibiting of the greater part of the gallery's collection at one time. The inauguration of the new building is being celebrated by a handsome loan exhibition, "Masterpieces of European Painting, 1490-1840." Twenty-two museums in Europe and America contributed works to this exhibition, which was organized by Dr. R. H. Hubbard, chief curator of the National Gallery, and D. W. Buchanan, associate director.

A conference on the technique of bronze casting will be held March 31, and April 1 and 2 at the University of Kansas in Lawrence. The conference is jointly sponsored by the Department of Design and the Extension Service of the university.

The Eastern Arts Association will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary at a convention to be held in Philadelphia in the first week of April. About twelve hundred art teachers and supervisors from schools in thirteen Eastern states are expected to attend the five-day conference. Among the featured speakers for the general sessions will be James Johnson Sweeney, director of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York, whose subject will be "The Pleasure Principle," and designer R. Buckminster Fuller, who will speak on "The Invisible Arts."

A ceremony held on February 17 in the Henry Street Community Center of LaGuardia Houses in New York's Lower East Side marked the formal dedication of a mosaic mural by Elemer Polony. The mural was awarded the Settlement's first prize of \$1,500 in a 1958 design contest judged by painter Ben Shahn, curator Alfred H. Barr, Jr., and collector Roy Neuberger. A twenty-nine-foot tessera work, the mural depicts the folkways of immigrant people and their life in the city, and is the first such work to appear in any of the country's low-rent housing developments. Helen Hall, director of the Henry Street Settlement, spoke of the work as "an integral part of the Settlement's program to stimulate aesthetic interest among residents of the LaGuardia Houses and its surrounding community." The Settlement plans to further develop interest by displaying loan exhibitions at the Community Center, which it operates in co-operation with the New York Housing Authority.

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# MUSIC

# ARTS

March 1960

## EDITORIAL

### "Art" as a Dirty Word

ALL of us are familiar with the famous denizen of modern Philistia, the man who doesn't know anything about art but knows what he likes. Some of us may even have got wind of the offspring recently produced by crossing this species, by means of a kind of artificial insemination of culture, with the homogenized enlightenment dispensed by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the form of its paste-in miniatures: this experiment is said to have produced the man who doesn't know anything about art but knows what he licks. Yet there is a third species, still a minority but influential and possibly more damaging to artistic values than the sleepy multitudes who doze in their ignorance: the man "in the know" who doesn't know if it's art but likes it anyway.

Now the poor fellow who says he doesn't know anything about art but knows what he likes is calling upon his ignorance to defend him against the necessity of knowledge; he doesn't want his sense of reality changed, or even threatened. (We can forget about the man who knows what he licks; art is sure to have left a bad taste in his mouth.) On the other hand, the sophisticated mind—it is likely to be that of an art critic or an historian or even an artist—which takes refuge in the position that a certain work may not be art at all but is important nonetheless is actually calling upon his knowledge to impose a form of ignorance. He shares with the Philistine a complete unwillingness to think through the implications of his experience with art. This kind of mind is, more often than not, not only sophisticated but erudite. It is well stocked with facts and ideas, at home with both the history and the philosophy of art as well as its current practice. When the spokesman for such a mind declares his uncertainty—and above all, his *indifference*—as to whether a certain work is actually a work of art, he does so with the assurance that you will respect his knowledge of art. The suggestion is that the work in question has an importance which transcends "mere" art. It is said to speak to us directly, without having to submit to the dubious limits of art. One can expect to be told that it is a "naked" expression—and who could expect such nakedness to clothe itself in "art"?

Of course, by this time the word "art" must be used in quotation marks; one can always hear them being applied, like chains on an icy road, halfway through any conversation about works which are too urgent, too utterly *meaningful*, to be judged by artistic standards. What do these quotation marks mean? Well, for one thing, they mean that a mind may be sublimely cultivated, erudite and up-to-date and still flounder in a complete ignorance about the meaning of art. Those quotation marks are a kind of rhetorical insurance against having to surrender this ignorance to knowledge—particularly self-knowledge, knowledge about one's own involvement with works of art. They forestall the necessity of having to make an equation between what one knows *about* art and what one actually *feels* in its presence.

In the literary sphere we have long ago learned to distinguish between works of literature and works of journalism. The journalist makes a point—now, in the immediate present, he alerts us to a particular condition, and then, the point made, his work retires modestly to the wastebasket. In the visual arts we lack an equivalent term for this kind of thing—we lack the term, but we have the work in abundance. Half the criticism one reads about this stuff is irrelevant nonsense, just as it would be nonsense for a poetry critic—say, Randall Jarrell or Kenneth Rexroth—to write about today's *Daily News* as if it were a new poem by W. H. Auden. And indeed, there is a similarity between the sort of comments made about some of this new work and the kind of highfalutin criticism which is written about comic strips, bad movies and girlie magazines.

THE fellow "in the know" who doesn't know if it's art (and doesn't *want* to know if it's art) but likes it anyway, is actually the victim of the very kind of work he attaches his interest to. In a word, he is *corrupted* by it. He resembles more than anyone else that classical scholar, a professor of Greek and Latin at a leading university, who sits among the judges of our biggest book club and every month recommends trash to readers who are impressed with his erudition. He might not always be sure it's literature, but he likes it anyway. But this kind of corruption not only confers significance where it does not exist—for, in the end, to declare one's indifference on whether a work is art becomes a way of saying it is a superior form of art—but actually diminishes one's capacity for artistic experience itself.

The other day the art critic of the *New Statesman* in London declared that "Art has become as dirty a word as Peace, partly for an analogous reason—the disproportion that now exists between talk about art and what is being done in art." We like to think that knowledgeable minds are eager to expose such discrepancies, but in clinging to that belief we make a romance out of knowledge. The appalling fact is that those fellows so much "in the know," who are both scholarly and up-to-the-minute, often turn out to be know-nothings of a complicated and depressing breed.

H.K.

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## BOOKS

**JAPANESE PRINTS: FROM THE EARLY MASTERS TO THE MODERN** by James A. Michener. Charles E. Tuttle. \$15.00.

**T**his almost flamboyantly handsome volume, with nearly three hundred generously large plates (more than fifty of them in color), appears, from its title, to be a pictorial history of the Japanese color print. Soon after beginning to read it one realizes that this is not quite the case; the book is in fact a kind of illustrated catalogue of part of a single collection, that of the popular novelist James A. Michener, who has written most of the text.

It may seem ungracious to write as critically as I shall do when a collector chooses to share his treasures through publication, and it would be so, perhaps, if Mr. Michener's collection were really an exceptional one, containing unique works. In fact, as far as I can tell, it includes no work of which other copies do not exist, and it is certainly a long way from being one of the best modern groups of Japanese prints. Mr. Michener owns 5,400 items; the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston has more than ten times as many. Moreover, the Michener collection, owing to the way it was brought together, is ill-balanced; half of it consists of prints by that prolific later artist, Hiroshige, few of whose works even approach those of the classic eighteenth-century print makers. It is true that among his remaining prints Mr. Michener owns a fair representative group of classic prints which I, for one, would be delighted to possess, but it is only a representative group; one misses the best of Utamaro, for example, and of several other artists.

To the initial weaknesses of the Michener collection one must add the oddity of taste that has governed the selection to illustrate this volume. Michener is fairly safe treading the worn paths up to the end of the classical period; after all, until the nineteenth century dawns, there is little disagreement about what is good in Japanese prints. It is after this period that his judgment breaks down and we are presented not only with too many inferior Hokusais and Hiroshiges, but also with the works of the lesser decadents, the garishness of Hokuju, the exaggerated anecdotalism of Hokkei, and, at the lowest depth of all, the semi-Westernized ineptitudes of Kuniyoshi.

Michener provides a general introduction, plus a series of chatty little prefaces to the various sections, which are divided up according to periods and artists. At his best, he is informative; he tells us all the elementary facts about the Japanese print which those who have studied the subject even cursorily will already know. At his worst he burbles like a lady writing a shopping column. "Kiyonaga's *chuban*," he tells us, "represent one of the real bargains in *ukiyo-e*." Koryusai's prints "are usually marked below their real value and offer real bargains to the discerning." And—for a prime piece of the gushing school of art appreciation—"In all he does, Choki exhibits delicate judgment. His drawing is elfin; his color harmonies are exquisite; his figures are pinched together at the shoulders in Modigliani-style; and his backgrounds are apt to be stunning." Mr. Michener is never apt to be stunning, and here he is less so than usual.

Finally, *Japanese Prints* leaves a great deal to be desired as an example of production. The color printing is harsh, and some of the colors have a heavy gloss which completely distorts the tone. In many cases the ink from the titles

on the letterpress pages has dried too slowly and marred the opposing prints. And there is at least one misarrangement of illustrations. Toyoharu's *Lovers with a Kite* is labeled as being Kiyonaga's *Maiden Watching a Young Man*, and vice versa.

In other words, *Japanese Prints* is a shaky selection from a second-string collection, imperfectly produced and ineptly written up. It is certainly not the illuminating selection from the whole field of the Japanese print which its title suggests, and one is left wondering why it was actually published. It seems too expensive for the kind of reader who wants an elementary, cozy introduction to the subject; it is not good enough for most of the people who collect expensively produced art books. My own guess is that the main reason for publication may well be that the collection illustrated happens to belong to James A. Michener, and James A. Michener happens to be a best-selling novelist.

George Woodcock

**THE STONES OF FLORENCE** by Mary McCarthy. Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$15.00.

**C**ONTRAST is all: Mary McCarthy starts off her book on Florence with a racy, highhanded fault-finding. As if from the petulant mouth of the tourist, she speaks; hustling a cranky mirror down streets, she echoes that never-hypothetical creature's complaints: that the city is drab, provincial, harassed by Vespas, overrun by occupying armies of tourists, stuffy like Boston, not naughty, with too much rusticated stone and too many "academic" masterpieces.

After the reader has been caught and nettled, she changes her stride and her "true" eye takes over. But the tone emerges, ever so often, that launches the book—a kind of talking down to, with tongue in cheek, or a kind of bringing things down to the level we can all understand. Therefore the ambition of the Renaissance artist to excel everyone, even the Ancients, is compared to some millionaire's boast of ordering a building bigger and better than the Parthenon—which is like comparing John D. Rockefeller to Lorenzo the Magnificent. Therefore Isabella d'Este, who might be called much else, is called the "greediest" collector of her age, and Michelangelo and Leone Battista Alberti, the humanists, are flatly said to have perpetrated frauds, Alberti passing off a Latin comedy of his own as having been written by a Roman, Michelangelo, his *Sleeping Cupid* as an antique, though Burckhardt, Symonds and even Vasari are not quite so certain they did. Humanists like Poliziano are compared to interior decorators. And Dante's line, "Cimabue thought he had the field to himself but now the word is Giotto," gives rise to the notion that he entertained the consciousness of Progress in the arts, though he would rather seem to be noting, judging by what precedes and follows, the vanity of earthly fame, which "like a breath of wind changes name because it changes direction," and like the color of grass, "cometh and goeth."

I mention first what nettles me, and because it has a bearing. The Renaissance and Florence, its chiefest lily, have been written about voluminously, and usually with painstaking scholarship and in a spirit of submission to their enchanter powers. Like a cool member of this age, McCarthy stands off from it to just a degree, and delivers a work of another hue. But it is a brilliant assemblage of anecdotes, observations interlaced with history, some accounts of painters' lives, à la Vasari, all in a swift, energetic and highly charged style. Its excellence lies in part in the way things are made to hang together; the city, that work of art, and its works of art, is seen in firm relation

to the checkerwork of its history. Its excellence also lies in the visual pleasure it has to give us. The look of things, the grand joy of Italy after all, is wonderfully caught, from the "enchanted economy" of Italian gardens and the plotted colors of the countryside to Florence at its stoniest. Her remarks on the Pisan style of dressing sacred buildings in horizontal stripes of alternating black and white, "a suggestion of the Orient, like the markings of an exotic beast," are delightful, and so is all the rest of what she has to say about its "tigerish trail" across the Tuscan hills, culminating in Siena, "that blaze of chivalry," and she's as good with the "black and white sign language of diamonds, circles, water and fire" seen on the marble facings of the Florentine churches. What she has to say about "the magic forest of perpendiculars" in Uccello's famed *Battle of San Romano* and his passion for the "mazzocchi," ribbons, armor and lances, and Piero della Francesca's for chalices, cups and cones, calls back the sense of excitement with which one first saw these paintings, and all her remarks on their pursuit of perspective, "itself a wizard science of numbers, with the fascination of magic," are wonderfully provocative, including her comparison of their ardor for the "new spatial science" with the Cubist interest in the geometric opposings of violins, cups and bottles. Of these painters and others she says: "They began to treat their art as a secretive pursuit, like alchemy, half immersed in science and half in magic."

Likewise her remarks on Pontormo and Il Rosso Fiorentino, "the first to require a special vision. an act of willed understanding on the part of the public," "with space dismembered, and anatomy no longer obedient to spatial discipline," seem nicely just, like her remark on the "strain and hollowiness of the Cinquecento," when Florence, fallen, came under the barren rule of Spain.

Shying off somewhat from that almost unbelievable unicorn that the Renaissance has a way of seeming to us, with its profundities of many-mindedness, magnificence and daring, giving, in fact, almost more emphasis to the iron-tempered time preceding it, of Guelph and Ghibelline frays and feuds, she brings a fresh insight—and an interpretation unexpected (at least to me)—on Florence, with its "wise ruling of space—the only kind of government the Florentines ever mastered," when she says that it has about it the look of the ideal city of reason and justice as dreamed of by the Greeks and Dante, and that its great statues in the Bargello and in the Piazza della Signoria are like "admonitory lessons or 'examples' in civics, a part of the very fabric of the city—the *res publica*."

And speaking of Brunelleschi's great churches and pure space of windows and Masaccio and Donatello (to whom she attributes "a religious if not civic piety"), she remarks that Florentine art at its greatest is an art of the essentials, "of the bread-and-wine staples of the human construct." Likewise valuable is her observation upon the unique ability of the Florentines "to create cosmic myths in the space of a small chapel or a long poem" and their "unitary genius, that power of binding expressed in Brunelleschi's virile *membratura*, evidently the product of a small world held in common and full of 'common' referents."

On this pithy note she concludes, and we are returned to modern Florence, the city that survived its fallen state after the great dream was done and rests today, hardy and integrated, the center of fine craftsmanship, a preserver and restorer (of the Giotto murals), that in spite of political machinations got its Ponte Trinità put back again the way Ammannati designed it.

The many photographs by Evelyn Hofer are most handsome.

Jean Garrigue



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# NATIONWIDE EXHIBITIONS

## CHICAGO: GEORGE COHEN

IN THE first major exhibition at his new, three-story gallery, Richard Feigen has been showing twenty-six canvases representing the past ten years of George Cohen's unique output. The paintings are an inspiring example of variety in a consistent direction, and they involve the spectator in a manner that is surely unmatched in contemporary art.

It is one of the tragedies of modern painting that every artist must attempt a *coup d'état*. Aggressive authority in the style of execution is the first need most painters must fulfill. Cohen suffers no such need. His authority develops in the painting process as it proceeds, and he is not afraid to expose the process. He starts his painting sooner in time than anyone else, and before certainty. Thus we witness the pre-painting too, the record of what tempts the consciousness of the artist before he takes up the brush. Cohen paints to find out what he thinks. The result is fantastic, but since it is produced neither out of anger nor absurdity, the work is not Surreal. It is hypnotically evocative of strange worlds of feeling: the worlds of the mind's margins, without gravity or centers, where figures, signs and ideas are free-flying.

A female leg, in *Emblem for an Unknown Nation*, interacts with an Egyptian myth symbol above a mouth form, below a hand, alongside a thigh. Alchemic signs, small suns, fertility symbols range over the picture surface. *Limbus*, a canvas devoted to heads, uses a number of small mirrors, as do others of the paintings. They draw the spectator into the painting's world; viewing becomes participation, and the experience achieves an unusual immediacy.

Even where—as in the *Avenger*, *Flight* and in the latest nudes, *Incubus*, the *Market Woman* and *Figure and Interior*—Cohen deals with a strong central figure, it is the position of the figure and its construction, plus the symbols that surround it, the mixed world of shapes and ideas, that constitute the magic of the work.



George Cohen, *Incubus*;  
collection Mr. and Mrs. Burt Kleiner.

Cohen immerses himself in the stream of images, refusing to be rescued, preferring to paint his way out. Of course he is right. The separate signs eventually take account of each other to achieve a powerful, unified invention which commands a robust toe-hold on reality. Uniformly, the work avoids that stylish clowning at the very edge of sense which is a danger for a painter with such a magnificent gift of gab and eye for color.

Now, in his latest work on the female nude, Cohen is apparently ready for a major breakthrough. The best painting in the show, the large composition in reds, *Figure and Interior*, is a work of such startling originality in its combination of abstract and representational elements, of spatial and positional working, that it promises to provide a new viewpoint of man—chaotic, yes, and troubled, but embodying humanistic principles not yet expressed for our time.

Bernard Sahlins

## LOS ANGELES: THREE SCHOOLS

THE WORK of three painters shown recently in La Ciénega galleries represents three different artistic faiths. German-born Bettina Brendel, whose paintings and drawings were exhibited a few weeks ago at the Esther Robles Gallery, was, before coming to this country, associated with an abstract group called ZEN '49, which included Willi Baumeister and Fritz Winter among its members. On coming to Los Angeles she strengthened the ranks of the West Coast abstractionists whose styles stem from Europe but whose ideology of self-realization or immersion seeks authority and stimulus in Zen Buddhism. *Red and Blue*, one of the most striking of Miss Brendel's recent paintings, is an image of balanced linear tensions, arching and interpenetrating. Cold blues and magenta reds reinforce the composition and help establish contrasting spatial densities. The artist aptly defines the themes of her paintings as "Movement—the exuberance of lines; forcefully rising, expanding or painfully knitted into a tight pattern—the continuous rhythm and vibration of inner forces." These psycho-magnetic inner forces are sub- or perhaps supra-personal, and thus Eastern "spirituality" and Western "dynamism" fuse in the cloud chamber of the modern imagination.

Following Miss Brendel's show, the Robles Gallery held an exhibition of paintings by Catherine Heerman, whose work is brashly extrovert, splashingly Fauvist. Her gift is for strong color in bouquet arrangements, and her decorative sense is best employed in paintings like *Gypsy in the Woods* and her vast *Flowers*. She is representative of that large school of younger American painters whose *joie de vivre* manner brings together unstinted color, a striving for painterly lushness of surface, and aggressive arm-movement brushwork. Especially appropriate to the affluent fifties, this style boasts at once of productive energy and the discovery of sensuous abundance.

Galya Pillin Tarmu, whose paintings are on view at the Bertha Lewinson Gallery, is a Chicagoan who now lives in Israel. Her work shows various strands of stylistic influence, notably that of Chagall and Kandinsky. *Druse Wedding*, *Villagers in the City* and *My Village as a Dry Flower*, flavorful souvenirs of a country where old and new, East and West mingle intimately, make skillful use of these several stylistic idioms. Despite her eclecticism, Mrs. Tarmu's art retains a strong core of personality based on an ingenuous approach to pictorial ideas.

Charles S. Kessler

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# LONDON

A Rembrandt for the National Gallery

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The largest Rembrandt in Britain has recently been acquired by our National Gallery. The *Portrait of a Man on Horseback* is quite a sizable picture—nearly ten feet high and almost as wide—and its scale alone will make it a particularly valuable addition to the gallery's magnificent collection of Rembrandts, which are all rather small.

Who the man on the horse is, nobody knows. He seems to be a Dutch militiaman, and his horse is performing a *levade*. In the wooded background a gateway and a coach (apparently without horses) can be seen, and so can some figures, but everything is obscure as the picture badly needs cleaning. This is now being done, and it will be some weeks before Rembrandt's horseman takes his place in the gallery.

The picture, which came to England in 1741 and was formerly at Panshanger, was bought from Lady Salmond, who had inherited it from her mother, Lady Desborough. The exact price has not been disclosed, and is not easy to calculate, as it takes account of the exemption from estate duty granted to the owner. What she received appears to be the equivalent of about £500,000 on the open market: the picture would probably have fetched more than that, but Lady Desborough was anxious that if at all possible it should go to the National Gallery.

The Gallery made only a small contribution from its own funds; the bulk of the money came from a special government grant, voted by Parliament on the Chancellor of the Exchequer's recommendation. This arrangement is the inevitable consequence of the government's power to delay and even prevent the export of those works of art still in private ownership which are considered an irreplaceable part of the national heritage. A special committee of experts decides what must not be allowed to leave the country.

Of course the argument is more sentimental than reasonable. Why for example should Britain permanently retain Italian and Dutch pictures that were acquired in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? The only answer I can think of is that some of these paintings (like the Rembrandt equestrian portrait) have become so familiar that they already seem to be national possessions. Often they have been on public view in those country houses all over the British Isles which are our equivalent of privately managed museums. And usually the titular owners would not be forced to sell at all were it not for the enormous sums in taxation and death duties demanded by the government. So now when a sale becomes inevitable, the Chancellor is prepared to intervene on the nation's behalf, and negotiate some financial settlement.

Normally this is only done for works wanted by the national museums, but there is something of a test case at the moment over the Rubens' *Holy Family* that was formerly in the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chatsworth. There could be no reason for the National Gallery's wanting this particular picture, but certain of the larger provincial galleries—notably Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton—which would very much like a large Rubens, have pertinently asked why galleries outside London should not also sometimes receive government assistance in this way. Ad-



mittedly these galleries are municipal and not national institutions, but their case is a good one. Not all taxpayers live in the capital. Manchester promptly put herself out of the running by the city council's refusal to provide any cash, but Liverpool is near to finding half the £50,000 wanted for the picture, and now waits to see if the government will add the rest as the Reviewing Committee on export of works of art suggested it might.

ON February 2, when the decision about the Rembrandt was announced in Parliament, we were also told that the National Gallery's purchase grant over the next five years was to be increased from £75,000 to £100,000 per annum. This was done specifically to help improve the representation of nineteenth-century French pictures, and it is certainly very necessary if the gallery in Trafalgar Square is to live up to its claim to be the most perfectly balanced of all the great national collections. The extra money would presumably be supplemented by special government grants—even £100,000 won't go far if one is looking for Cézannes of the first quality, and it's no secret that the National Gallery wanted the late Conger Goodyear's *Man in a Blue Blouse* that was sold at Sotheby's last November for £145,000.

The immediate reason for this increase in the National Gallery's grant was the government's decision over the Lane pictures—and a controversy that has long troubled cultural relations between Britain and the Irish Republic now appears to be settled. Sir Hugh Lane was an Irish dealer who was drowned on the *Lusitania* in 1915. He had already shown some indecision about whether his collection of French paintings (Corot, Courbet, Daumier, Degas, Manet, Monet, etc.) was to be given to Dublin or London, neither city having shown much enthusiasm for such work. At the time of his death, though they were legally bequeathed to the National Gallery in London, an unwitnessed codicil to the will made it perfectly clear that Lane's final wish was for the pictures to go to Dublin. Should the law be interpreted by the letter or the spirit?

Despite Irish protests (culminating in the theft of one of the paintings, Berthe Morisot's *Summer*, from the walls of the Tate Gallery by Irish students), the Lane collection has remained in London, and uneasy consciences have been appeased only by the fact that they were probably better cared for and certainly seen by more people here. Last November, however, a compromise solution, satisfactory to both sides, was announced. The pictures will be shared equally; and though remaining the National Gallery's property, half will be on permanent loan to Dublin. The thirty-nine paintings have now been divided into two groups of approximately equal quality. The first, which includes Renoir's *Les Parapluies* and Manet's portrait of Eva Gonzales, will shortly be sent to Dublin for a five-year period; the second group, with Manet's *Musique aux Tuileries*, remains in London for the time being.

The gaps on the National Gallery walls will be in part filled by new purchases—hence the increased grant, for the valuation of the Lane collection was £847,500 (and the government, having been influenced by political as much as legal or aesthetic arguments in reaching a decision, ought to recompense the Gallery to the tune of some £420,000). There will also be a demand for the removal of certain pictures now in the Tate Gallery, for the National Gallery has first claim on any work in the national collections, and it would surprise no one if Seurat's *Baignade* should find its way to join the Pieros in Trafalgar Square.

One hopes nevertheless that the Tate Trustees would refuse to let the *Baignade* go, for such a picture means far more in a museum of modern art than it would as another glittering jewel in the National Gallery's crown. And the Tate is our

Museum of Modern Art, as well as being the national collection of British art, even though this ill-matched marriage must surely end in divorce.

THE Tate was in the doldrums a few years back, but recently matters have greatly improved. The purchase grant has been increased from £2,000 to £40,000 a year; a body of "Friends of the Tate" has been formed; the collection grows quickly and cataloguing proceeds apace—an exemplary volume on the modern foreign collection (by Ronald Alley, the Deputy Keeper) has been published. Last month a suite of newly decorated basement rooms was opened to display some of the recent acquisitions and important loans from Mr. Edward James (Picasso, Dali, De Chirico, Tchelitchew) and from Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Kahnweiler (Gris, Klee, Picasso, Léger).

The new works in the Tate are of extraordinary diversity, even to the point of eccentricity, but no doubt this is better than the reverse situation. They include a group of mainly small sculptures and drawings from the late E. C. Gregory's collection (Dubuffet, Vieira da Silva, Arp, Moore, Hepworth, Butler, Frost), three large American paintings (by Rothko, Brooks and Guston), three Lipchitz bronzes, a Schwitters collage, Balthus' *Sleeping Girl* of 1943, a Soutine landscape, and a Brancusi bronze head of *Mlle Pogany*—the eight last-named artists all represented in the Tate for the first time. Among the British works, four paintings by the St. Ives primitive, Alfred Wallis, Paolozzi's *Forms on a Bow* (1949), and Alan Davie's *Birth of Venus* (1955) are outstanding; so are the remarkable prewar Surrealist wooden constructions by Ceri Richards, whose *Trafalgar Square* (1950) has also been acquired.

Of course the gaps are still glaring (no Mondrian, no Cubist or late Braque, no Malevich, no post-1910 Kandinsky, no Futurism, no Pollock). The choice of much very modern work is erratic, to say the least; and the hanging in the room devoted to the most recent British painting is of hair-raising ineptitude. Under the surface, the bias against any kind of abstract art seems to be as strong as ever—it's entirely characteristic of the Tate's halfhearted commitment to the modern movement that the recently acquired paintings by Delaunay and Kupka should be immature and pre-abstract work. Obvious good intentions have temporarily stilled the critics, but now that shortage of funds can no longer be advanced as an excuse the real testing time for the Tate has come.

In the circumstances it's a pleasure to be able to say that the Tate has bought the largest piece from the most interesting show of new work that I've seen since Christmas—Hubert Dalwood's sculpture at Gimpel Fils. Dalwood, now thirty-six,

was a student of Kenneth Armitage's at the Bath Academy of Art, and after some years of teaching succeeded Armitage (who is not so much older, of course) as the Gregory Fellow in Sculpture at the University of Leeds. Dalwood's early work was figurative, but his lumpy, aggressive female nudes, like those of his contemporary Anthony Caro, already suggested that the Venus of Willendorf was more to his taste than any classical or Renaissance figure. The primitivism remains, but the years at Leeds led Dalwood to all but abandon the figure. It still lurks behind the *Screen* of 1957, but has gone from more recent work like the *Open Square* or the egg-shaped *Large Object* which won the sculpture prize at Liverpool. The result has been that Dalwood's invention now ranges with the very impressive results we saw at the Gimpel Gallery—for one's first reaction was to say that here at last is a young sculptor bursting with new ideas. He has designed what seemed to be a set of cult objects—idols, altars, lamps, caskets, vases, plaques and other things of mysterious ritualistic use—fashioned with strange bosses and moldings and surface decoration. What these objects are for, one can't say, but their human associations are strong, and they somehow seem both new and familiar. Herbert Read has suggested that this is because of the archetypal qualities of Dalwood's forms.

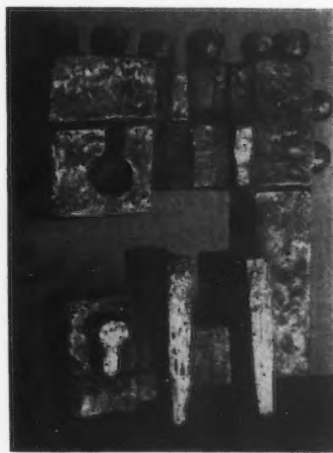
THIS sculpture is to some extent the equivalent of the paintings of Alan Davie, who is himself showing at Gimpel's in March. Davie's impact on the younger British artists can also be seen in the paintings at the Waddington Galleries by Trevor Bell—alongside echoes of Hilton and Frost. Bell, born in Leeds in 1930, now works mainly in St. Ives; he was one of the six winners of painting scholarships at the Paris Biennale. He is still digesting influences, but can produce pictures of great seductive charm with enough individuality about them to make one confident of his future.

By an unusual coincidence we have had two Neo-Romantic exhibitions—paintings and drawings by the late Christian Bérard at the Hanover Gallery, and recent paintings of Italy by Eugene Berman at the Lefevre. Neither show made much impression, and one reflects how damaging stage design can be on a painter's talent. Bérard's early portraits gave a hint of more substantial qualities than any of the later work in fact showed; and Berman's insensitivity to natural effects of light and color now seems to be complete.

Finally, "La Nueva Pintura de España" has reached London with a ten-man show at Tooth and Sons. This has been highly successful, both in that it has sold well and drawn more visitors of the artist-student kind than any show since the Museum of Modern Art's "New American Painting" exhibition a year ago. One can't help sharing the youthful enthusiasm of these painters, all under forty-five, but I didn't feel quite so excited as I did when I first saw Tapiès, Saura, Millares, Cuixart, Tharrats, Feito and the others in the Spanish Pavilion at the 1958 Venice Biennale.

Perhaps the selection was at fault (though I doubt it), but there was a gimmick-ridden quality about the whole exhibition, as though each artist was performing his particular party trick, and I wanted to ask, well, what else can you do? It is astonishing that artists like Tapiès and Cuixart should be given major international prizes at this early stage in their careers—the only explanation can be the almost hysterical desire in some circles not to be caught missing the great new movement of the future. However, one would like to believe that the experience of the Spanish Civil War, once digested, would have some profound effect on Spanish art, and there are certain things about Tapiès at least—his obsession with certain shapes for example—that make me feel he could develop into a painter of real importance if his present success doesn't spoil him.

Alan Bowness



Hubert Dalwood, *Open Square*; at Gimpel Fils.



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# ROME

Quantity, not quality, at the eighth Quadriennale . . . French drawings . . . a panorama of American painting . . .

THREE exhibitions, all disappointing, dominate the late winter scene in Rome. The most ambitious and unsatisfactory is the eighth Quadriennale of Roman Art at the Palazzo delle Esposizioni, provocative of nothing so much as a spate of speculation and a riot of rumor about scandal in high places, a joint protest and a protective boycott by certain self-respecting artists whose contributions might otherwise have saved the show. Scarcely more successful is "French Drawing from Fouquet to Toulouse-Lautrec" at the Palazzo di Venezia, a selection resembling jokers dropped from the deck or scraps kicked under the table at some weekly meeting of Louvre, Arts Décoratifs and Bibliothèque Nationale directors. Much less pretentious and rather more appealing, though not enormously enhanced by an annex of contemporary American engravers, is "Twenty-five Years of American Painting (1933-58)" at the Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Moderna.

The trouble with the Quadriennale is that, as with the Salons at the Grand Palais in Paris, quantity proves no substitute for quality. The more numerous the indifferent works displayed, indeed, the more taxing is the strain. In this case there are one hundred halls to traverse, most of them overloaded and underlighted. The big names are represented badly or not at all. Thus the most compelling paintings are two Tobey-cum-perspective townscapes by a young man from Milan, Sandro Luporini, whose name characteristically meant nothing to the person responsible for supplying photographs to the press. Of the twenty-seven collaborators in a promising but ultimately shameful graphic "Homage to Dante," Carrà and De Chirico come off worst, Clerici best. Prampolini and Balla, recalled to memory like Licini with sketchy retrospectives, surpass all their canvases by a single sculpture apiece. And among the sculptors themselves, as usual the principal attraction of a modern Italian collection, the chief spell is cast by Emilio Greco.

That in fact is the tip-off. This nominally blessed forty-six-year-old, who enjoyed phenomenal notoriety by winning the competition for the monument to Pinocchio erected at Collodi in 1956, has evolved a style so idiosyncratic and ingratiating as to arouse at last some suspicion. I should not be much surprised to learn that he already out-sells not only his elders Mascherini, Mastroianni and Mirko, but also Messina, Marini and Manzù—the three deans of Milan. If so, the reason is not far to seek. It consists in his happy combination of attributes from the most negotiable exports currently produced in France, both of them trademarked "B. B." His subject these days is almost invariably a nymph in a bikini, and his bittersweet treatment nearly always emphasizes her arch gaucherie (seldom vice versa) through simplification and elongation, awkward attitudes and dominant darks. As obvious as Bardot and as shallow as Buffet, how could this facile Sicilian possibly fail?

IN THE French exhibit itself, containing nothing to match Greco's cloying charm, all the right men are represented by all the wrong works. The two exceptions are proof enough. In a show boasting


such draftsmen as David, Daumier and Degas the main claims to our attention are made by Géricault and Delacroix, the least likely of the lot to register in black and white. From the former come two studies for *The Raft of the Medusa* possessing an immediacy rather lacking in the finished masterpiece. Among the ten drawings of Delacroix, which taken together do indicate the range of his interest and technique, is a delightful study of Spartan girls exercising in sham battle. Structurally an appropriate inverted triangle (conforming to the Palais Bourbon library it was intended to decorate), this sketch (anticipating Renoir in some respects) reveals a skill in execution equal to the conception and thereby (like the Géricault) imparts a sense of the action which Delacroix might have found difficult to retain in paint. This pair could not be expected to convey alone a just notion of France's graphic achievement, however—an inadequacy that the rest of the 222 items do very little to rectify.

Our own show, for which William Eisendrath (City Art Museum, St. Louis) and Lester Cooke (National Art Gallery, Washington) were largely responsible, suffers from similar faults but not to the same extent. *Il Paese* thus summed up the general reaction: the positive side of this exhibition is the mirror it offers the Italian public of all the American artistic tendencies during the last quarter-century, while the negative side is the fragmentary indication of the development of certain careers resulting from the scarcity of the works by which the various painters are represented. While most Americans tend to consider it "an economy package" which cannot provide a thorough demonstration because the examples are not big or numerous enough, Romans regard it with *Il Tempo* as "an eclectic anthology" which raises without quite answering the question: What distinguishes recent American painting?

Though every panoramic show has inevitable lacunae, Lester Cooke understates the case by granting Kline. The problem is not so much the omission of Still, Baziotes and Motherwell—or even a colossus like Feininger—as the choice of relatively insignificant things by the artists actually included. A clue is furnished by the fact that Ben Shahn, who takes the dubious graphic palm hands down, contends strongly for the painter's laurel as well. Among eighty-four oils by twenty-nine artists there is nothing to justify whatever expectations Italians may have entertained in consequence of the Pollocks, Rothkos and Tobeyes at past Biennales. De Kooning, who is himself in Rome at the moment, is scarcely better served. And from what is here it must be impossible to infer the merit of Marin, the importance of Gorky. This matters, since the show will tour Italy and for many who have not been lately in Venice will come to supplant the image of Stuart's *Washington* or Whistler's *Mother* or Wood's *American Gothic*.

But three selections in the show embrace and exhibit all that, in both senses, truly distinguishes modern American painting. There is the—you say cool but I say clean—photographic precision and geometric complexity of Charles Sheeler's *Conversation Piece*. There is its cross-country obverse—the mystic, witty, abstract action of *Flight of the Plover* by Morris Graves, who was only three when Sheeler stormed the Armory Show. And there is the still younger Jack Levine's *Under the El*, another thing altogether—more committed than Sheeler, more objective than Graves; wry rather than witty, dry rather than clean. Each constitutes a personal variation on Futurist simultaneity, a complete extension and a perfect expression of the individual painter, a distinctive combination of American materials and modern techniques. Together, though it hardly stops the show, this trio nearly saves it.

John Lucas



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# Language and Actuality:

## A Letter to Irving Sandler

BY SONYA RUDIKOFF

**R**ECENTLY, I was looking at the book on younger New York painters to which we both contributed,\* and I was reminded of your article on Guston, and Hubert Crehan's on Still, in the December *Art News*. These discussions, as well as some others, raise various questions which I want to address to you and to the rest of us who are sufficiently involved in art to write and think about it.

How shall I put the problem? There seems to be something wrong with most writing on contemporary art, and I'm puzzled about it. For instance, I believe I know what you mean when you talk about Guston; I myself like his work very much, and what you had to say was quite interesting. But when I had finished, my strongest feeling was that very little had been said about Guston's painting as *painting*. Then I read Crehan on Still, the "black angel" (*sic*). I'm interested in Manichaeism, and I'm interested in Still, but again there was something wrong. I recalled that Crehan's review last year of Barnett Newman's work also seemed to involve Manichaeism and Crehan's view of sexual polarities. Now, everyone is greatly interested in sexual polarities, but where does this leave the work of Still and Newman? Especially, what relevance would it have for Still's good pictures and his less good ones, to the effect of Still's work on the work of other painters, in other words, to the work considered as art, not as document?

And then there's the book on younger New York painters. Perhaps we should leave it for others to discuss! My feeling about it is that as discussion it is unsatisfying, although many of the pieces are of interest, and the book itself was worth doing. The back cover of it speaks of the "exciting language" in which the eleven pieces are written to accompany the "exciting" work. Possibly there's the trouble I'm thinking of—the fact, everywhere observable, that contemporary writing on art often appears too excited and exciting, even manic. And in the process it loses its object. This is serious, because those of us who write on art have a responsibility not only to artists or to the public, but to ourselves. We are responsible for the words and concepts we evoke or circulate, and we are responsible to art itself—not to confuse it or present it wrongly or distort, not to betray forms.

† For example, consider how much talk there is about "the act of painting," as if that phenomenon had never made an appearance before the last decade. It has become an *idée reçue*. Initially a valuable insight, it begins to lose its reference, to become a ghostly presence whirling in the dank air of art ideology—and I say this as one who believes in the importance of it. But think for a moment about the act of anything else: the act, for instance, of gardening, or carpentry, singing, playing the violin, or housework, teaching, treating a patient, pressing a legal claim, fixing a tooth, conducting a battle, or feeding a child, preaching a sermon, giving a party. What would it mean to speak about, say, Isaac Stern's getting himself into the "act of playing," or of the performance of a violin concerto as the "residue" of Stern's involvement in the "act of playing"? Or to say that a surgeon's involvement is with the act of operating, or that the gold crown with which a dentist preserves a tooth is to be regarded as the evidence of his struggles in the act of being a dentist? Or that a teacher gets into the "act of teaching" and that what his students are moved to learn, think or do themselves is to be regarded as the evidence of his act?

\**School of New York: Some Younger Artists*. Edited by B. H. Friedman. Grove Press, 1959.

## Language and Actuality

The matter is difficult and delicate. I do not want to be misunderstood. I'm not preparing to argue either a utilitarian or a romantic view of art, but rather this: so much discussion of art proceeds as if the *art* did not matter. I bring up other professions to dramatize the point, because this emphasis on the act of painting tends to obscure the fact that *paintings* are painted; as much of modern life does, it tends to obscure the object. Perhaps the critic has no business even to refer to the act of painting. Shouldn't one simply assume it, in all its meaning and complexity, just as one assumes that any meaningful work comes out of such action? That is, given serious commitments, there must be a certain kind of personal involvement in the real significance of work—one assumes *persons* as doing it. (Of course, some people seem not to be so involved: zombies, mechanized faces, blank spirits, stale apostles, disintegrated people. These exist too.) The doctor who examines my heart and lungs made a personal commitment to medicine which he renews daily in the act of treating patients. So too the gardener, teacher, lawyer, violinist. What distinguishes them from one another is not so much the differences among the several "acts," but the differences in objects, effects, pace, circumstances, materials. Writers, for instance, have a whole lore about the act of writing, but no writer believes that the act of writing is what writing is about, although that may be part of its personal reward. Nor, I should add, does any reader. Every writer who has been involved in writing knows that the act of writing is supremely important, difficult, hazardous, unpredictable in outcome—an encounter. But no comment on a piece of writing would make any valuable sense if it referred primarily to this hazardous journey, and took the literary work as a kind of evidence of the trip, like baggage labels. Obviously, the history of any art, and indeed history itself, culture altogether, are in some sense "evidence" and "residue"—but isn't there a misplaced emphasis here?

**T**HE problem is general throughout our culture: everywhere there is a loss of object and a reversion to method. In the more banal areas of modern life, this appears mainly as the proliferation of technique, in more serious matters as the subjective consciousness. Modern philosophy, for instance, is in its own deplorable state because for some time its concentration has been on the act of saying what is being thought, and other disciplines show the same self-consciousness. Thus, if one wants to give a cultural account of the emphasis on the act of painting, one can relate it to any number of facets of our national life and see the same impulses operating. This is no justification, however; indeed, it is the very opposite, because art does not merely reflect culture, but creates it and responds to it as well. The action in art has become of great importance recently because so much of modern life denies action in favor of activity, which is the appearance of action. What the act in art recovers is the true course of action, of commitment, of emotional consciousness of being. Why, then, should difficulties arise in the critical use of this concept?

Inevitably there are difficulties whenever insights become received ideas. But there is a further difficulty when the discussion of painting focuses too much on the act of painting, and that comes from the psychological emphasis given to it. Writers on art are highly sophisticated in their interpretive identifications with the act of painting, but the psychology is mostly bad and uninformed, and it implies a discussion of the painter, not the painting, of attitudes, of manner, of style. Now, of course, style and manner and attitudes are relevant, but the consciousness of them seems to be extremely damaging. For the painter, it must mean energy turned back upon the self, and it may be equally unfortunate for the understanding and criticism of painting. How, really, can distinctions between one work and another be observed, how can

strengths be distinguished from weaknesses, successes from failures? The consciousness of manner can also imply that every picture is the same picture. And I think this tends to be true for many painters: every picture *is* the same, and the "unpredictable," "spontaneous" "act of painting" regularly and rigidly eventuates in the same image. The painter then becomes the producer of a product, no matter how risky and adventurous the encounter was assumed to be. Consciousness of manner becomes imprisonment in manner.

It is not a happy condition for anyone, and so we see all around us the increase in nastiness in so much writing on art. If interpretive identifications seem to be the subject of longer commentaries, briefer reviews are often dedicated to rage. The opinions of X.Y., A.B.C. or Z.A. appear as "evidence" of an "act of perceiving"! Unfortunately, the results are too predictable. One becomes aware of X.Y.'s preoccupations, one becomes accustomed to A.B.C.'s self-indulgence; certain artists are treated with tenderness, others with malice, and the atmosphere is vaguely hysterical. Frequently, the nastiness needs additional objects, and then one may note the appearance of a prominent contemporary theme, the rout of actual or imaginary Philistines: X.Y.'s rage is no longer directed toward the artist, but toward those who don't like the work, or, again, toward those who do, those who buy it and exhibit it, or those who don't, collectors, museums, the anonymous public. Accusations fill the air, and we are choked by *idées reçues*.

Wouldn't it be interesting to see some comment on, say, Hartigan and Mitchell which did not rest on interpretations of their desire to make order out of chaos? Or something on Larry Rivers' work which forgot about his daring and his feints with his and our identities, and his presumption? Or something on Rothko which did not merely tell us what the pictures are like and provide emotive equivalents of them? Or some really subtle discussion of visual images? After all, anyone can *see* what Rothko's pictures are *like*! And whoever puts paint where there was none before, who *begins* something, is involved in risk, daring, presumption. And whatever there is of value in our world was attempted because someone thought that some order could be made out of some chaos. All of life is about order and chaos!

**Q**UITE possibly there is a task implied here which we and our contemporaries are unable to meet. Truly exciting critics are rare in any age; but I'm not sure it's true that art is written about best by poets, as B. H. Friedman observes. Baudelaire is of course the chief example, but poets have special concerns, and when Baudelaire wrote on art he did not write as a poet. Surprisingly, one of the most interesting modern writers on art, John Dewey, was not a critic, not even a *writer*; his style is usually thought execrable: he makes writers wince. *Art as Experience* was published in 1934, long before modern art assumed its contemporary forms, but the book is astonishing and prophetic. Graceless, lumbering, inchoate as Dewey's writing and thinking are often thought to be, the discussion is remarkable for the way it approaches and reveals its subject. The famously bad style is actually very precise; no manner stands in the way. How interesting it would be to have Dewey's response to contemporary work! Such a response, however, is not beyond our contemporaries. The absence of interesting commentary may not mean that no one is competent to do it in our time. There may in fact be quite gifted people available for the task, even perhaps more than before, but there may also be something about the art of our time which produces or is related to the strange and unsatisfying criticism of it. This should not be true, and no ideal view of the arts would accept it, and yet perhaps the thought should be pursued.

As I write, I see above me a color reproduction of Titian's *Rape of Europa* in the Gardner Museum. The picture is well known:

one sees in it the girl on the back of the bull, a brilliant sky, some snowy peaks, dark water, cherubs, Europa's companions, her scarf whirling around her, the cherubs flying in the air with wings, arrows, bow; the bull is moving to the right through the dark water, on his head a wreath put there by the playful girls. Forms rise into designations, such as scarf, head, tail, arm, leg, draperies, which can be named and pointed to if the picture is talked about. In contrast, the discussion of contemporary painting is at the outset more difficult: it must invent metaphors for forms, because there are no names or designations. Or it must employ descriptive, perhaps technical terms. Thus, "claws," "eyes" and other terms are used to designate forms and movement. Even more emotive terms appear, or anthropomorphic ones, or other kinds of vocabulary; they serve to personalize and objectify pictures in which no faces, bodies, animals or objects are to be found. Sometimes a technical vocabulary avoids the problem; thus, what happens in a picture becomes the activities of flecks of color, areas, washes, scrapings, scumblings, strokes, and so on. The difficulty may be seen more sharply if one imagines discussing Titian's picture without any reference to the girl, the bull, the cherubs, the scarf as the designations of forms.

Several years ago, some people breathed sighs of relief because it seemed that contemporary painting was really about nature. All those blurred, unidentifiable forms and movements were really trees, and leaves, and storms, or all landscape, and Pollock was apparently painting marshland, grasses or undersea life. Although this was not adequate, one can easily see why as an idea it was grasped with such eagerness: it provided the means for "naturalizing" an art which certainly and admittedly presented forms, but not by means of objects. Perhaps the same thing holds true for the attempt to see contemporary art as the picturing of psychological states. What is at issue here is not the correctness or incorrectness of interpretations so much as certain basic tendencies of perception, especially the impulse to see one thing in terms of something else. I want to suggest the regularity of this, even its inevitability. To see the action of, say, Guston's painting as involving "claws" is thus an example of the same tendency of mind as seeing Pollock's picture as involving "grasses," although one is a metaphorical response to certain plastic qualities and the other claims to see the metaphor in the picture. And it seems to me that this tendency is in part provoked by the absence of objects which, if they are not found in the picture, are supplied in perception on varying levels of complexity. They are also supplied in discussion, inevitably, because of the fact that it is impossible to discuss something which does not have a name.

The difficulty in making sense of this aspect of perception, and of all it implies for the discussion of art, is that here we come upon a faculty of mind which is at once most valuable and most destructive. For, the opposite of seeing things in terms of other things is to see things only in terms of themselves. If the forms in a Guston picture are not to be understood as claws or "claws," they remain as themselves, these specific actualities of paint moving in specific ways in a given picture. But even to describe them thus is only a rough and distant approximation of them, merely a pointing to an experience of *life itself* embodied in a medium. What exists, what goes on, calls attention to itself, is itself, resistant to any reference. Personalizing, anthropomorphizing, naturalizing merely turn away from the thing itself, seeing it in other terms: to see forms as "claws" is not to perceive them as forms, but to abstract and idealize them. And this abstracting, idealizing tendency of mind can be destructive of actualities.

**T**HE increasing abstractions of modern life have become everyone's open secret: everywhere, persons, feelings, selves, bodies, or

qualities of life and existence are denied, are not accorded the respect due to actualities of the living world. Quite possibly, the art of our times is a witness to this, a witness to the irreducible nature of actuality. Out of experience itself come works of art which exist as themselves in the way natural objects exist, with no rationalized purpose or meaning, but, as is so often said, are simply *there*. Possibly the art of our times calls back human attention to forms themselves, not to ideas about forms, or to ideal and pure forms, or to the essence of form, not to any theoretical constructs which may be made. The supreme importance of this appeal for attention must not be underestimated: so much in our world contrives to resist experience unless it is marshaled by ideation, and art is one of the few domains of life where actuality counts. This, in fact, is the meaning of the act of painting and of the interest in medium, no matter how much they have been vulgarized and distorted; it is the foundation of the faculty for play and experiment, for improvisation, for flexible, sensuous, tangible responses to actual or implicit forms.

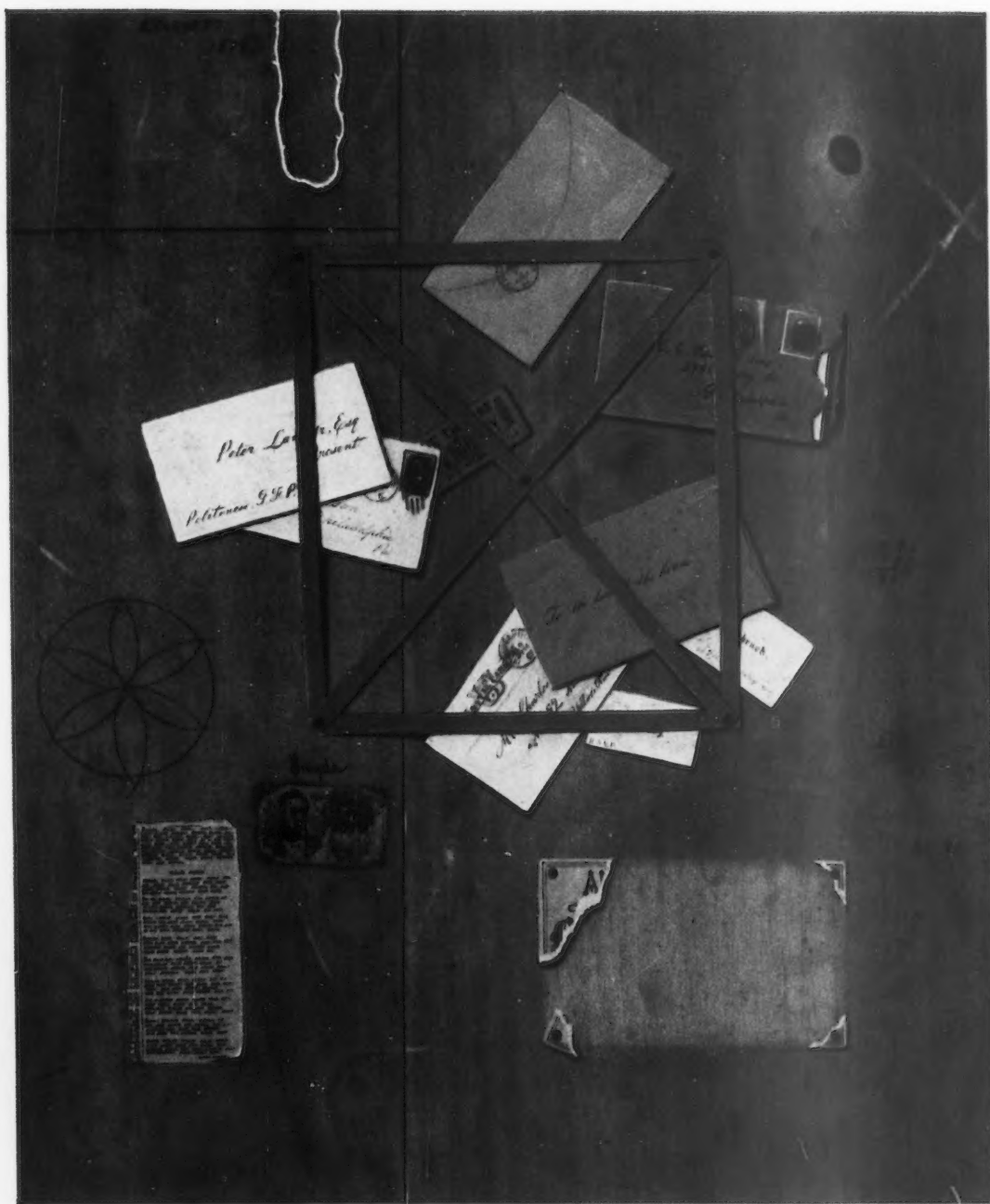
Confronted by an art making such an appeal, criticism seems to have little to say except to identify with the way it is produced, and what results is stale, mannered or hysterical. Perhaps something else is there, some challenge thrown out, some response demanded which must be of a new kind in order to meet the new situation. A moment's reflection will reveal to anyone that the actuality we are considering, the actuality, say, of a picture, is not simply the opposite and enemy of that idealizing tendency which sees one thing in terms of something else. Art owes something as well to that tendency—not in the sense of some ideal Parnassian art of purity and remoteness, but if only because art is creative and not natural. Perhaps more important, the very specificity of contemporary art's commitment to medium rests on an assumption that things and actuality have meaning beyond themselves. The paint is not only substance, no matter how much its substantial nature is insisted upon. The recognition of life in materials and then in forms, the imputing of intention and movement to the things of actuality, the intentional response to active forms—all imply that actuality is not only itself but is meaningful, is forever involved in meaning. Clearly, this is not a meaning to be extracted like a pebble from a shoe; like the expressiveness of blank canvas, for instance, it is not a physical property of the material in the sense that the threads are, but an aesthetic function of it. This meaning-beyond-itself is what actuality asserts when we encounter it, this extension into the past and into the future.

I say that there may be some appeal for new response, something that has been overlooked or neglected, some challenge or demand which is not being met. I should have to add that I don't envisage any specific programs, nor any system for meeting the demand I vaguely discern. I'm not proposing any rule or method, perhaps nothing except a more profound exploration of the way things have meaning beyond themselves, and how one responds to this. An art which resists being talked about, as I think contemporary art does, raises questions about actuality and the way it enters into contemporary discussion. In revulsion against the idealizing tendency of the past, with its ideal forms and ostensibly isolable meanings, there has developed an intense emphasis on the most specific and most immediate elements of art. And in spite of the fact that contemporary art is so largely abstract, this is an abstraction which allows for the greatest specificity, as if the initial impulse to abstraction were itself a way of preserving the "art-ness" of art thereafter—in contrast to the abstraction of modern life, which has the opposite effect of alienating existence from the tangible and specific. But, in the discussion of art, it would be too bad if all that remained were the insistence on actuality. What I'm suggesting, therefore, is some reflection on the whole subject.





John Sloan, *Cornelia Street, New York City*.



William M. Harnett, *Artist's Card Rack*.

### The Fleischman Collection at the Milwaukee Art Center

"American Painting, 1760 to 1960," a selection of 124 paintings from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence A. Fleischman of Detroit, will be presented by the Milwaukee Art Center from March 3 through April 3. Drawn from a collection reputed to be the most comprehensive private assemblage of American art in existence today, the show offers a sweeping survey of painting in this country, from pre-Revolutionary portraits and miniatures to recent works by contemporary artists. Of particular note in the selection is the score of self-portraits, highlighted by a Ryder. The triumvirate Homer, Eakins and Ryder is represented by ten paintings. Forty works in the show are from the twentieth century.



*Female Nude Seated on a Stool;*  
collection Art Institute of Chicago.

### **Rembrandt Drawings from American Collections**

A loan exhibition of "Rembrandt Drawings from American Collections," opening on March 15 at the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, will bring together most of the important drawings of the Dutch master in the United States and Canada, including a number never before on public display. Seventy-five works—fifty lent by museums and twenty-five by private collectors—will offer the most extensive survey of Rembrandt's draftsmanship ever presented in this country. The exhibition, jointly sponsored by the Morgan Library and the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University, will remain at the Morgan Library through April 16; at the Fogg Museum it will be featured from April 27 through May 29.





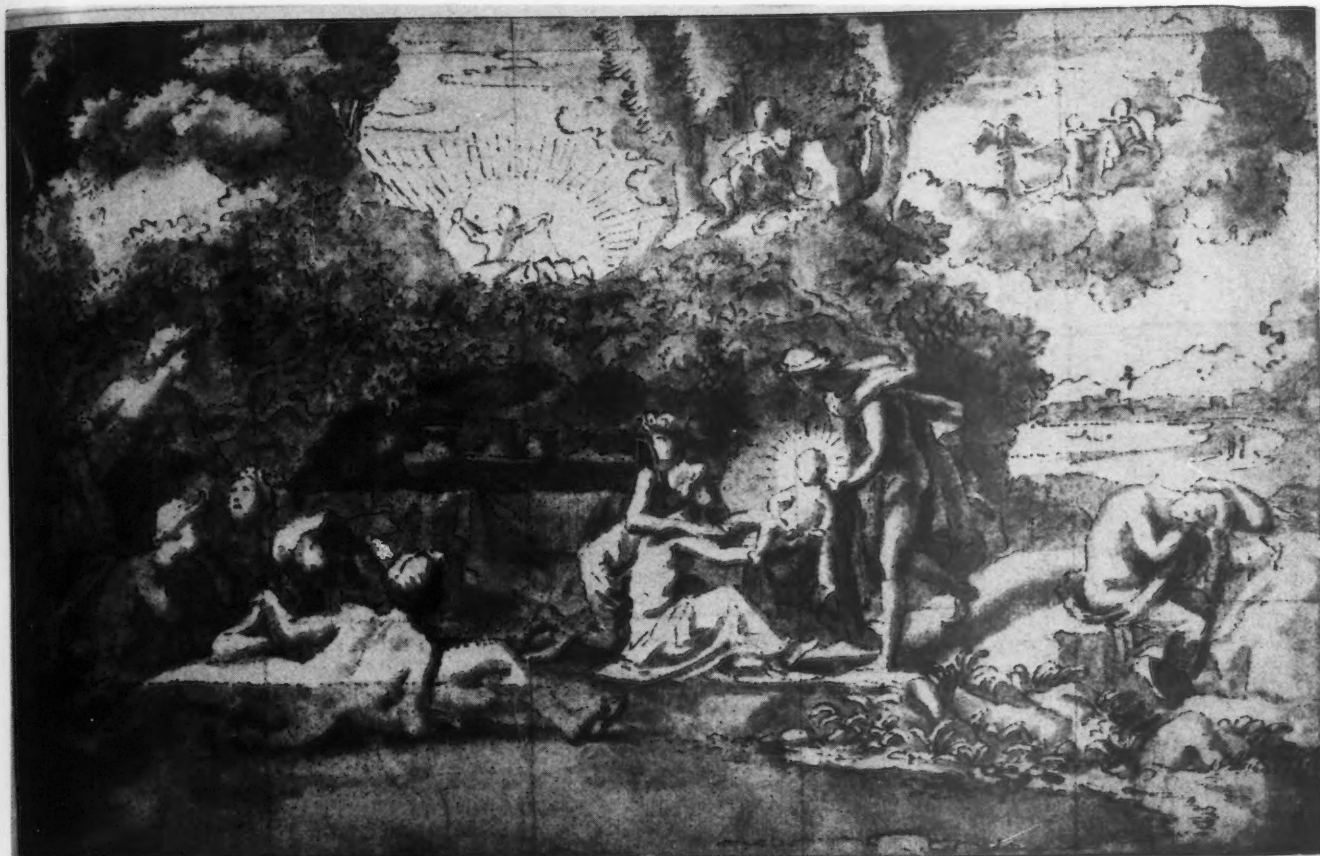
*Three Studies for a Deposition from the Cross;*  
collection Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Silver, Chicago.



*Satire on Art Criticism;*  
collection Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Silver, Chicago.



Prud'hon, *Nude Woman, Seen from the Back*; collection Forsyth Wickes, Newport, R. I.



Poussin, *The Infant Bacchus Entrusted to the Nymphs*;  
collection Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge.

### Old Masters at the Newark Museum

Sixty drawings by great draftsmen of five centuries will be featured at the Newark Museum from March 17 until May 22. Assembled from outstanding public and private collections across the country, the works range from a fourteenth-century drawing of the Crucifixion by Altichiero to sketches by Goya and Ingres. All the major European schools are represented, but it is German draftsmanship that forms the particular strength of the show, with examples by Dürer, Hans Baldung Grien, Cranach, Holbein and Grünewald. The exhibition, organized by William H. Gerds and Elaine Evans Gerds of the Newark staff, is designed to provide background and perspective for the museum's expanding collection of contemporary drawings.



# But Eros Sulks

Convoked to Surrealism's recent International

Exhibition in Paris, Love—and Art as well—balks at a servile role of illustration.

BY ANNETTE MICHELSON

*What I've done, what I don't have, I give to you.*

André Breton, *First Surrealist Manifesto*

IN THIS "Exposition internationale du Surréalisme," organized by André Breton and Marcel Duchamp, Eros was the first to be invited, but that was pure formality, of course. Eros presided over Surrealism's birth, inhabited its poetry, its politics, its painting and its wit, dwelt for a time in the very coal sacks which hung from the ceiling of the Galerie des Beaux-Arts in 1938. Eros was, in fact, the animating principle of the Surrealist enterprise, the attempt at a total and definitive reconciliation between Man and Nature, through Art.

*Art probably does not exist—no point in celebrating it then—Still, art is created—because that's how things are and not otherwise—well—what can you do—*  
Jacques Vaché,  
*Letter to André Breton*

An "art" without "aesthetics," however: both these words were suspect for the Surrealist sensibility, suggestive of dissociation, gratuitousness, smelling of the *salon*. Revolutionary Surrealism, ferociously practical, insisted upon bending art to its purpose. No aesthetics, then, but an ethic, a *morale*, a strategy, which would embody the principle of Revolution and Reconciliation through eroticism, extending the ideal of fulfillment-through-love to the creative process itself. The conditions for that fulfillment—and hence for creativity—were a certain fidelity, an openness, a kind of permanent availability to experience, that sensitized passivity which facilitates the amorous encounter. Creativity was love at first sight (*le coup de foudre*), followed by coition and procreation. Art, for the Surrealist, was a yielding of the self to the persuasions of the noumenal.

*Poetry, like love, is made in bed/Its rumpled sheets are the dawn of things.*

André Breton,  
*On the Road to San Romano*

This was the origin and meaning of the descent into the unconscious, and the use of automatic processes in literature and painting. The blanket invitation extended to Chance had resulted in the "invention" of the *trouvaille* and the ready-made, the collage, the frottage, the poetry and drawings produced in half-waking or semihypnotic states, the joint projects and the games: the *portraits chinois* and the *cadavres exquis*.

*Play means experimenting with Chance. Chance is not inherently inscrutable; it has a regularity of its own.*  
Novalis, *Fragments*

Carry the erotic principle one step further, however, that is, into the poem's imagery, onto the canvas' surface, and you have Max Ernst's exegesis of Lautréamont: "The sudden confrontation of a ready-made reality, whose naïve function seems to have been determined once and for all (an umbrella), with another, completely unrelated and equally absurd reality (a sewing machine) in a place which is strange to them both (a dissection table), permits the ready-made reality to escape its naïve, intended purpose, its own identity; it passes, by a detour through the relative, from a false absoluteness to a new form of absoluteness. The mechanics of the process are, I feel, apparent in this very simple example. The

*To be in a continual state of poetry.*  
Novalis, *Fragments*

transformation, followed by a pure act, such as an act of love—necessarily occurs whenever favorable conditions are created by circumstances: *the mating of two, apparently incompatible objects on an unsuitable level apparently unsuited to them.*" The work of art, then, in its very substance and structure, embodied the erotic principle: the poem or canvas, child of love, became, in turn, the scene of an encounter; the coupling of disparate images engendered a new reality.

It was faithful, unconditional obedience to the erotic principle which bestowed form and meaning upon Life and Art. "There is, I feel, no more important lesson in aesthetics than that which crystals have to give us. A work of art—or, for that matter, a fragment of human life considered in its deepest implications—has value for me only if it possesses the hardness, rigidity and regularity of crystal, its polish on every facet, inside and out. I wish this statement to be understood as a diametrical, steadfast and categorical opposition to any attempt at a definition of formal beauty in terms of a deliberate effort of perfection incumbent upon man. On the contrary, it is precisely insofar as crystal (by definition, not subject to improvement) represents the most perfect expression of spontaneous action and creativity that I am led to defend that action and creativity. My hope is that my life, my writings, the house in which I live will, when seen from afar, come to resemble those cubes of rock salt seen in close-up."<sup>1</sup>

THE door of the Cordier Gallery at 8 Rue Miromesnil carries a sign: "Children under sixteen years of age not admitted." Three possible explanations come to mind: 1) the intervention of the Préfecture de Police<sup>2</sup>; 2) a deliberately provocative tactic on the part of the gallery; 3) M. Breton's own paternal scruples.<sup>3</sup>

But one is impatient to enter. The handle is turned, the door opens, and with your first step you have the slight, surprising sensation of being thrown off balance. Sand, buckets and buckets of sand, covers the gallery's floor. The walls of a first antechamber have been lined with pink velvet and hung with the paintings of the founding fathers: Miró, Tanguy, Ernst, De Chirico, Masson, Magritte. You look about at them, but somewhat distractedly, succumbing to the powerful solicitation of that sand, that velvet, the silence (a hush of the boudoir and a hush of the museum), punctuated by recorded sighs and murmurs, the movement of the pink-velvet ceiling engaged in a mimicry of distention and contraction. You pass, then, through an opening, whose exiguity and ogival form have been calculated, shall

<sup>1</sup>André Breton, *L'Amour Fou*.

<sup>2</sup>A wave of sexual censorship under the pressure of ecclesiastical groups constitutes one of the more depressing of the secondary aspects of the Gaullist regime.

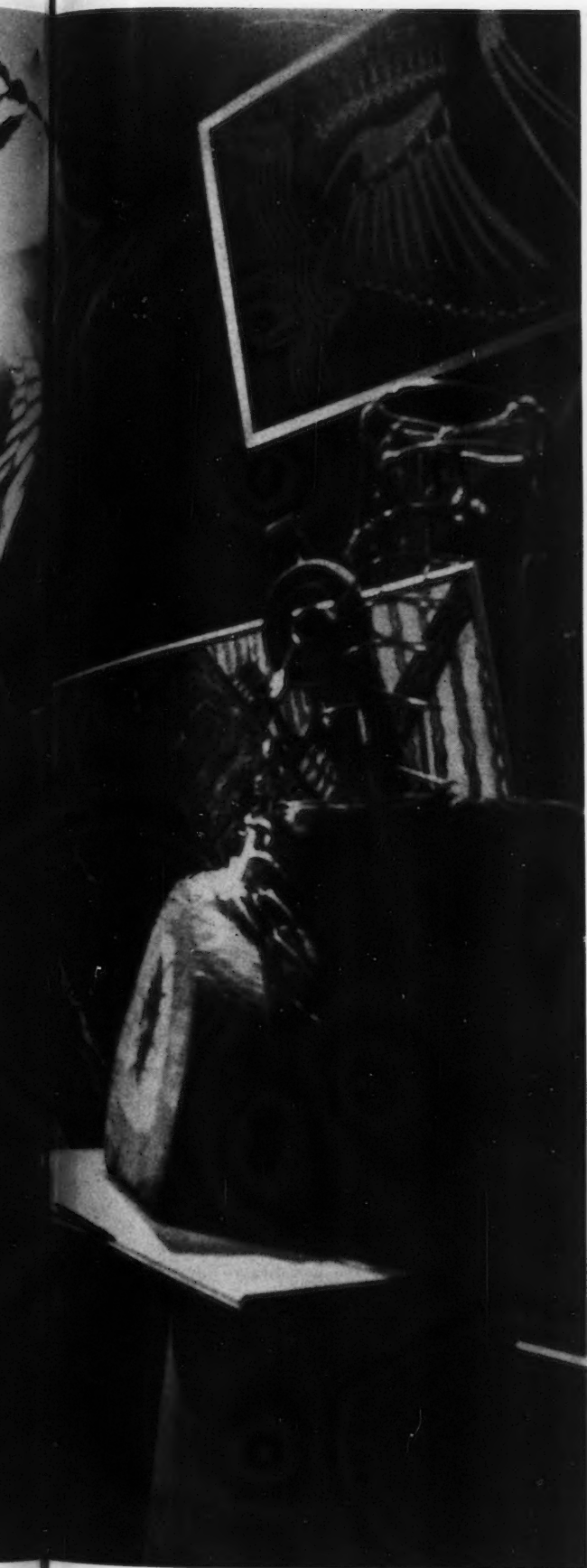
<sup>3</sup>M. Breton's personal reserve is of course legendary, as is his courtliness. I had, however, more particularly in mind the "Letter to a Little Girl in America" in *La Clef des Champs* (Editions du Sagittaire, Paris, 1953), in which, taking his cue from Rousseau, he sensibly advises the very young to be content for the time with Lewis Carroll and Matisse, and to save Rimbaud and Picasso for maturity.



**But Eros Sulks**







we say, to stress its symbolic reference somewhat at the expense of its architectural function, into a succession of chambers and corridors. These too are velvet-lined—in deep, light-absorbing green: the walls and ceilings have been padded and quilted. There is a suggestion of rugosity, of the stalactite and stalagmite. One moves forward on the shifting sand in semidarkness, from one pool of light to another. We are deep in the grotto: “The underground temple, that repository of memories of a Glacier Age which constituted mankind’s veritable second birth—appropriate to the ceremony of initiation, of mock burial, and those rites which accompany the laying on of hands . . . symbolic of that latent form of life which separates parturition from the rituals of puberty.”<sup>4</sup>

The generations are succeeding one another as we go (many were called but few were chosen), and the Ernsts, Arps, Picabias, Giacomettis give way to the Benayouns, Svanbergs, Trouilles and Moliniers. Off to one side is the Fetish Chamber, shrouded in black, the heart of the exhibition. Making one’s way through the grotto, one reaches, finally, through the narrowest of black-lined corridors, a square, open space. At one end of this room on opening night, seated behind an iron grill, several ladies and gentlemen were feasting, as in a Sade tale, upon lobster and champagne, about a table which was the naked and recumbent body of another lady. Since the night of the *vernissage*, table and guests have been replaced by wax models. The walls are red and on them are hung—or impaled—the elements of a vast and elaborate panoply. These constitute, when reassembled, a ritual costume, designed and worn by M. Jean Benoit at the solemn, commemorative ceremony in honor of Sade held before the opening of the exhibition. A dozen or so pages of the very full and intriguing catalogue are devoted to a description of this occasion, and to a

detailed, iconographical analysis of this costume and its accessories.<sup>5</sup> M. Breton informs us too, in a supplementary, last-minute bulletin, that this occasion culminated in the reconciliation of Surrealism with Mr. Matta: two men (Mr. Matta and M. Benoit) now walk the streets of Paris with Sade’s name branded in their living flesh.

*Everything excessive is good.*

D. A. F. de Sade

**W**HAT is the matter with all this? Where is Eros? What is happening to us amidst the velvet and the sand, the phallic imagery, the painted eyes and breasts of painted ladies, the fantasies in canvas, marble and stone, the concert of recorded sighs and murmurs? Why, stopping before a *Couronne de Bourgeois* by Arp, the *Boule Suspendue* of Giacometti, do we feel for a moment an intensity, a fusion of erotic inspiration and formal mastery that seems out of place? Why the fatigue?

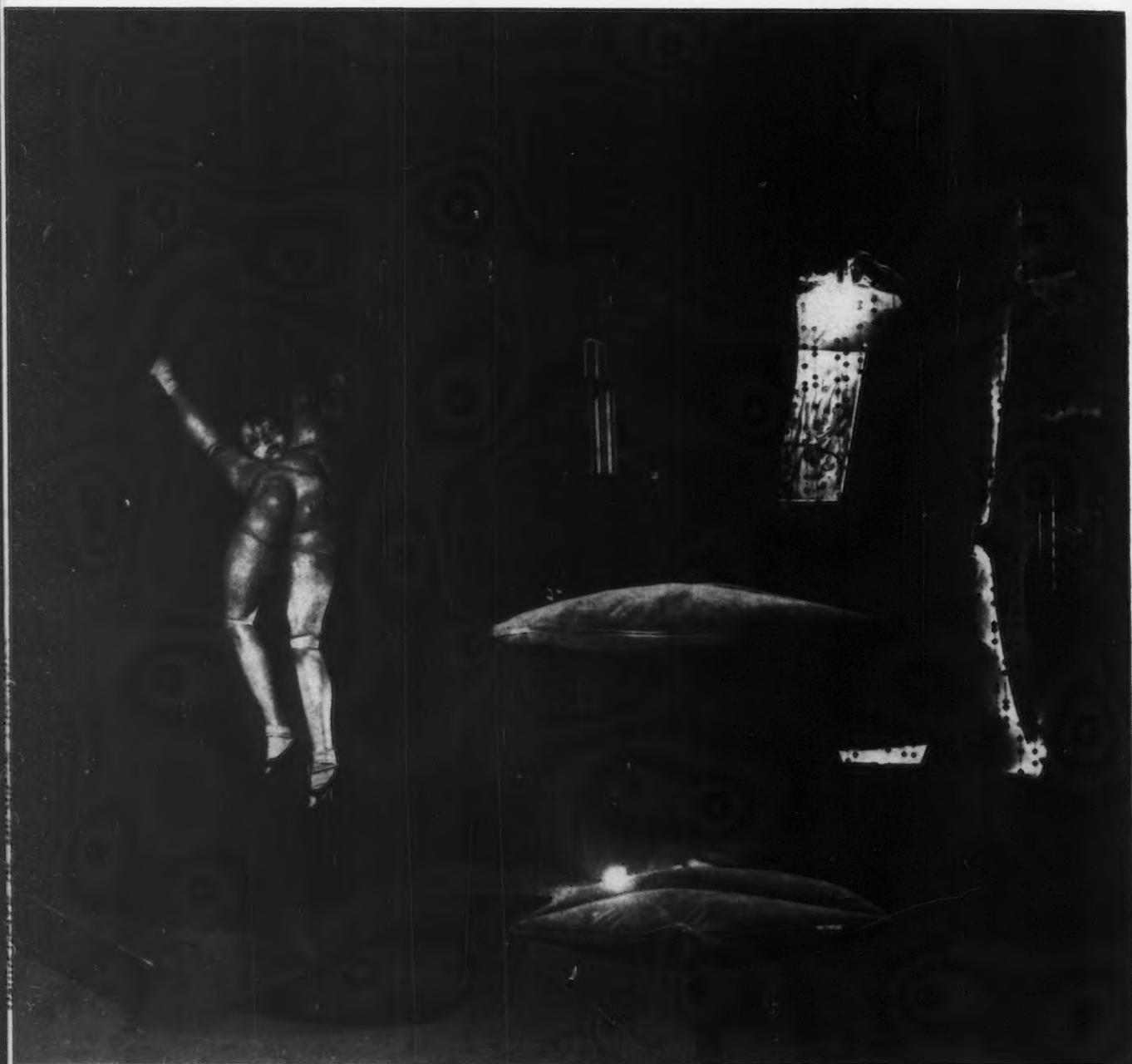
I return for a moment to the *First Surrealist Manifesto*, hesitantly, resignedly, aware that for more than thirty years each stage and aspect of Surrealism has been ritually subjected to just this measuring stick. The ritual testifies, however, to the vivacity of Surrealism’s initial claims and aspirations. Time has conferred upon this *cri de coeur* that special incantatory power of the really momentous document (“A specter is haunting Europe” . . . “When in the course of human events” . . . “*Tant va la croyance à la vie*” . . .). It contains the following attack upon the tradition of realism in literature:

“The realistic attitude inspired by a positivist tradition which

<sup>4</sup>André Breton and Gérard Legrand, *L’Art Magique* (Editions de Club Français du Livre, Paris, 1957).

<sup>5</sup>The catalogue includes as well a series of delightful indications for the transformation of Notre Dame de Paris into a Palace of Love, accompanied by photo-montage illustrations of a precision and extravagance which recall the films of Méliès.

## But Eros Sulks



runs from St. Thomas to Anatole France looks very much to me as though it were hostile to every form of intellectual and ethical eruption. I abhor it, for it is compounded of mediocrity, spite and bald inadequacy.

"... the authors' ambitions are very limited. Each of their observations is so needlessly specific, so circumstantial, that I feel they are amusing themselves at my expense. And nothing is emptier than their descriptions! They are merely an accumulation of catalogue illustrations; the author grows bolder with every page, seizing upon any occasion to slip me his picture postcards, trying to force me to agree with his truisms.

"The idea of the intellect's setting itself *motives* of this sort, even if only temporarily, is one I am not prepared to accept. It may be claimed that this or that school-exercise is perfectly in its place and that the author has his reasons for boring me. He

is wasting his time, nevertheless, since I refuse to enter his room. I am not interested in other people's haste or fatigue. My sense of life's continuity is far too unstable to allow me to equate my best moments with my moments of depression or weakness. I want people to keep quiet when they stop feeling. And it must be understood that I am not blaming unoriginality for being unoriginal. I am simply saying that I never make a fuss over the empty moments in my life and that it can be unworthy of any man to crystallize those which seem so to him. Allow me to just *skip* this description of a room, along with so many others... Diversity is such a simple thing that all those tones of voice, all that walking, coughing, sneezing and nose-blowing..."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup>André Breton, *First Surrealist Manifesto* (Paris, 1924).

One discovers, now, the sources of irritation and fatigue. One has been feeling, as one pushed one's way through the accumu-

Nothing, to my mind, resembles a brothel so much as a museum. Both have the same shady, petrified quality. In the one you have the lovely, frozen portraits of Venus, Susanna, Lucretia, Salome and other heroines; in the other, the live women, with their traditional ornaments and thoroughly stereotyped gestures, expressions and customs. In one way or another, archaeology is the keynote of both.

Michel Leiris,  
*L'Âge d'Homme*

observation and ratiocination.

**T**HIS grotto and its treasures, Surrealism itself, seem torn between the irreconcilable ideals of incarnation and illustration, invention and academicism, unable to fuse them into a style, strategy or moment of history. Surely this is due to the basic contradictions in its very conception of eroticism, and the inadequacy of its aesthetic strategy. That M. Breton is aware, to some degree, of these contradictions is evident in his writings. In *Arcane 17*, for example, he suggests that most of the quarrels and expulsions which have punctuated the history of this very highly structured movement have been due to divergences centering around the nature of love. He does not, presumably, care to be more explicit on the subject. Indeed, the actual contours of the Surrealist erotic ideal are elusive, more so than I can indicate here. One thing, however, is certain: its vision of plenitude is haunted by the Platonic myth of a final fusion of the sexes in an androgynous union,<sup>7</sup> the symbol of that paradisiacal state in which all contradictions, tensions and antinomies are resolved.

Compare it, for example, with that of M. Georges Bataille, who takes his place, at M. Breton's invitation, as guest of honor at this feast of love. "The truth of the taboo provides the key to our attitudes as human beings. We must and can grasp the fact that taboos are not imposed upon us from without. This becomes apparent in the state of anguish, at the moment of transgression, above all, during that moment of suspension when the taboo is still operative and we are nevertheless yielding to the impulse restricted by it. When we comply with or submit to a taboo, we are no longer aware of its existence. But at the moment of transgression we feel a sense of anguish without which the taboo would not exist; this is the experience of sin. The experience leads to the successful completion of the transgression, which, in turn, serves to maintain the taboo, maintain it for the sake of pleasure. This inner experience of eroticism requires that the individual's sense of the anguish underlying the taboo be fully as keen as his desire to violate it. The intimate linking of fear with desire and of anguish with intense pleasure is always the expression of the religious sensibility . . . As I have said, I look upon eroticism as that state of imbalance in which Being consciously calls itself into Question."<sup>8</sup> We know this voice; it was Baudelaire's as well, with its somber tone, its assumption of the inherently tragic nature of love.

<sup>7</sup>For this reason, and insofar as it constitutes a prolongation of a tradition of courtly love, Surrealism, in its orthodox, European aspects, is exclusively heterosexual; Lesbianism finds its way into its imagery as a mere spectacle—for the male voyeur.

<sup>8</sup>Georges Bataille, *L'Érotisme* (Editions de Minuit, Paris, 1957).

M. Breton has visibly balked at his guest's response. "Things are nevertheless not necessarily so black as Bataille would have them," he says, refers to the pressure of religious and social institutions, and affirms his confidence in a gradual destruction of those specific restrictions and barriers which, in his eyes, create the anguish. He has said, elsewhere,<sup>9</sup> that "the problem of evil is worth discussion only so long as we have not got rid of the idea of some sort of Transcendent Virtue capable of dictating Man's duty to him. Until then the exalted representation of inner 'evil' will retain a very intense revolutionary value, after which I hope that you will be able to assume a less haggard view of Nature than this alternation between adoration and horror."

But insofar as the barriers were not yet down, Surrealism drew its energy—and its imagery—from the tension created by them<sup>10</sup>: its painting and its sculpture had to feed upon the secret and the equivocal, tending, in its painting particularly, to the illustrative, to a realism which served its demonstrative, didactic purpose and at the same time conferred, upon it its voyeuristic aspect. Thus the space of Surrealist painting, to consider only one of its formal aspects, tended to be a conventional one, theatrical in essence, deriving from the Renaissance: a space which received or housed the *object of portrayal* became the stage, the arena of action and encounter, but rarely participated directly, formally, had no *constitutive* status in them. The result of this conception is a conservative sense of the *matière* of painting, an art which is revelation, a description of the scandalous, rather than a complete expression in itself.

This is the typical painting of Surrealism as we know it through the work of Tanguy, Dalí and Ernst (the Ernst of the thirties and forties, transcended both in the early collages and the recent canvases, as the recent retrospective at the Musée de l'Art Moderne made clear). This painting cannot—whatever its didactic qualities—pretend to any real radicalism. The really radical and fully expressive painting required that the artist recognize the formal necessities of revolutionary art, assume the responsibility of "provoking a basic crisis in the object." That crisis could not be restricted to its merely social or erotic aspects, but required a recognition of its plastic nature and a continuous formal renewal and vigilance. The provocation would be, then, extended from the level of imagery to that of spatial organization, texture, the visual dynamics of the brush. Failing this, the erotic image, once absorbed or accepted, declined—in the space of a generation—into academicism, eventually to be consigned, like the literature of observation and analysis, to history.

**A**LTHOUGH Surrealist art had been conceived and defended as a range of functions (extending from that of testimony to that of magic) in the interests of a certain efficacy, it granted the right of existence, and a measure of autonomy, to every basic impulse except that of artistic creation itself. Yet, there is not one major work in all this particular assemblage which does not testify to the autonomy of the creative process, and to that conscious will to perfection which contradicts the unqualifiedly direct, organic, erotic conception of creativity, just as one can hardly find a line in Breton's elegant and vivacious

There exists a kind of transcendental ventriloquism which consists in convincing man that a statement uttered upon this earth has its origin in heaven.

Lichtenberg, *Aphorisms*

It's not drawing that's involved, but tracing.  
André Breton.  
First Surrealist  
Manifesto

<sup>9</sup>*L'Amour Fou*.

<sup>10</sup>A position slightly analogous to that of a revolutionary literature, unable yet to celebrate the fruits of victory, the splendors of socialism, condemned to trace in detail the portrait of a civilization in decline.



## But Eros Sulks

prose which does not bespeak that care, that concern with formal values and intellectual mediation which ensure its place in the great tradition of French prose, thereby transcending, as the best Desnos, Artaud or early Aragon had done, the limits of a Surrealist anti-aesthetic.

Those canvases, collages or sculptures which do not reveal this formal concern congeal into historical monuments, when they do not pale into pornography. Such is obviously the case with Trouille's *Dolmancé*, the most extreme example present of the concessions made to realism implicit in a disdain of formal values. In an exhibition which was, according to M. Breton, to exclude the very possibility of *la gaudriole*, it represents the purely pornographic element, the literal projection of sexual

*Painting, if it is to fulfill the need for that complete revision of real values which everyone agrees is needed today, will have as its source of reference a purely inner model.*

André Breton

fantasy, drawn in that international style of the comic strip, the dirty postcard of the catalogue circulated by the more specialized mail-order houses.

It is, of course, an endearingly easy victim; you can neither destroy nor dignify it through criticism: it arouses no critical reaction. Though no amount of cant about the revival of "a great tradition of popular imagery" can disguise its nature, one is not surprised to find it here. It constitutes the extreme example, and merely that, of the merely illustrative conception of an erotic art. It is primitive but by no means entirely out of place in an exhibition which also includes Molinier and Svanberg.

The others, which belong to history, arouse feelings of tenderness. The Dadaist exhibition held two years ago at the Galerie de l'Institut had prepared us for the conversion of the ready-made into the official monument; the Man Ray *Gift* (the spiked flatiron), Rose Selavy's camera were no longer calls to rebellion, dizzying emblems of absurdity, but reminders of an extraordinary moment in history, of a generation of gilded youth. It was all rather like looking at the toys of the Bourbon children at Versailles: one felt awe and nostalgia—tenderness, as I have said, above all. One could feel esteem, respect, everything but that reaction of shock or helplessness in the face of an imperious challenge. This is, of course, a sure sign that the Dada exhibition—and now the Surrealist—was offered to a Surrealized public; it is that public which turns the exhibition into the paradox—the blasphemy—of a Surrealist Retrospective. Transported to Lyons, to Moscow or Akron, it would change character, assume an intensity of purpose and effect quite impossible here.

But it has been given to us, in Paris, and we must deal with it,

*Imagination may be on the point of having its rights restored.*

André Breton,  
*First Surrealist Manifesto*

returning therefore, for a moment, to those works of art which make some kind of imperious and permanent claim to our attention (the Arp mentioned above, the *Boule Suspendue* of Giacometti, the quite remarkable drawing of Matta).

They all presuppose, in their power of incarnation, something more than an inspired passivity, and a particularly sharp awareness of the kinetic aspects of art, as against its purely visual and illustrative ones. They testify, as well, to the freedom of technique, the confidence in an expressive abstraction that is

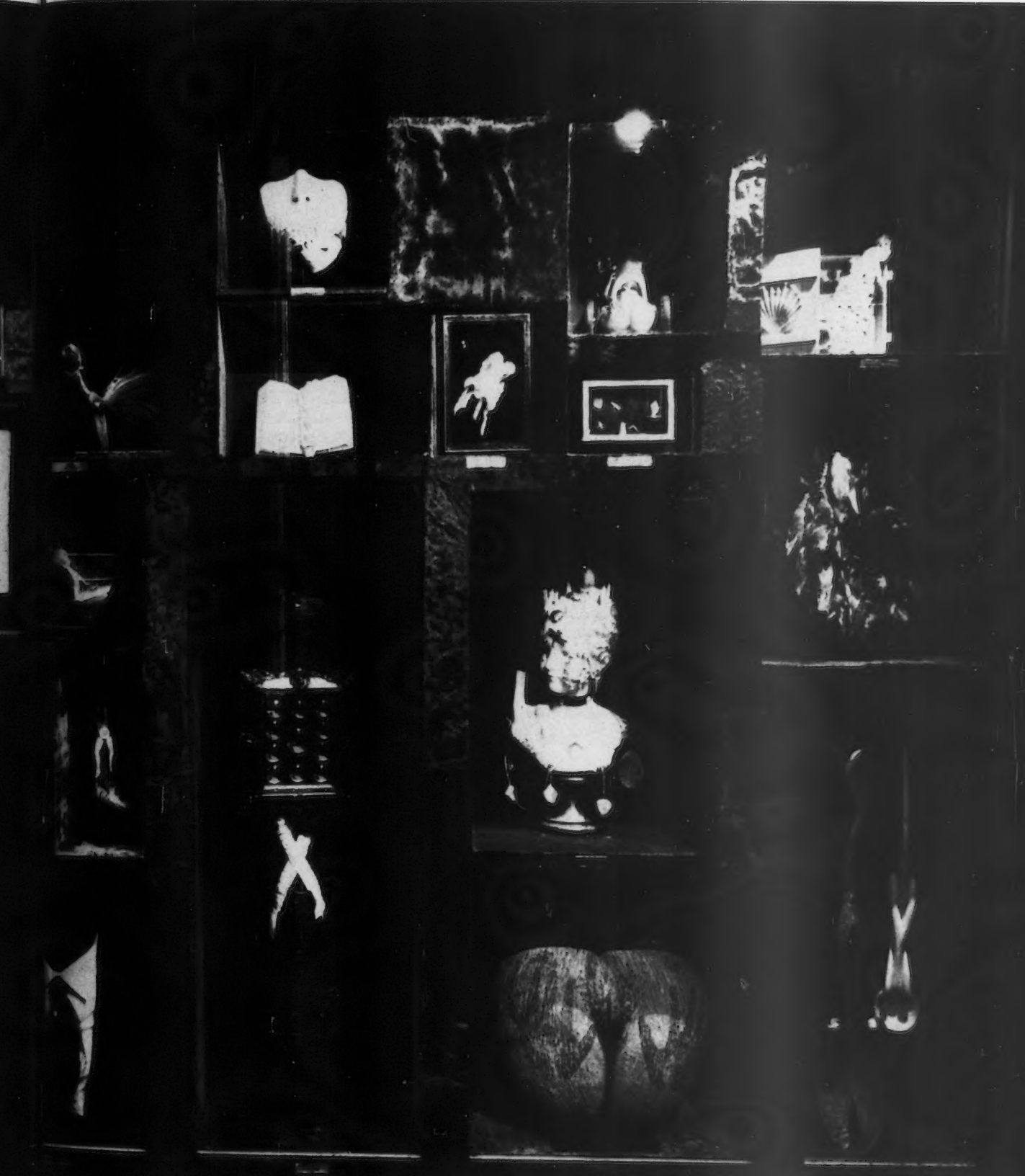
*Metaphysical anxiety descends upon the picture through the folds in the drapery.*

André Breton,  
*L'Amour Fou*

denied in the militant attack of the catalogue texts (particularly in that of Madame José Pierre) and expressed in a statement made many years ago by Breton, when defending the autonomy and freedom of Surrealist art itself against the pressure

of Socialist Realism: "As for Courbet, we must admit that he seemed actually to believe that his deep faith in social progress would manage to be reflected in *anything* he chose to depict, to be apparent in the light he causes to descend on the horizon or on the belly of a deer." So it is with Eros; his ways are devious.





# The Problem of Museums

BY PAUL VALERY

I AM not overfond of museums. Many of them are admirable, none are delightful. Delight has little to do with the principles of classification, conservation, and public utility, clear and reasonable though these may be.

AT THE first step that I take toward things of beauty, a hand relieves me of my stick, and a notice forbids me to smoke.

Chilled at once by this act of authority and by the sense of constraint, I make my way into a room of sculpture where a cold confusion reigns. A dazzling bust appears between the legs of a bronze athlete. Between repose and vehemence, between silliness, smiles, constrictions, and the most precarious states of equilibrium, the total impression is something quite intolerable. I am lost in a turmoil of frozen beings, each of which demands, all in vain, the abolition of all the others—not to speak of the chaos of sizes without any common scale of measurement, the inexplicable mixture of dwarfs and giants, nor even of the foreshortening of evolution presented to us by such an assemblage of the complete and the unfinished, the mutilated and the restored, the djins and the gentlemen. . . .

A SOUL resigned to torture, I make my way on to the paintings. A strangely organized disorder opens up before me in silence. I am smitten with a sacred horror. My pace grows reverent. My voice alters, to a pitch slightly higher than in church, to a tone rather less strong than that of every day. Presently I lose all sense of why I have intruded into this wax-floored solitude, savoring of temple and drawing room, of cemetery and school. . . . Did I come for instruction, for my own beguilement, or simply as a duty and out of convention? Or is it perhaps some exercise peculiar to itself, this stroll I am taking, weirdly beset with beauties, distracted at every moment by masterpieces to the right or left compelling me to walk like a drunk man between counters?

DREARINESS, boredom, admiration, the fine weather I left outside, my pricks of conscience, and a dreadful sense of how many great artists there are, all walk along with me.

A FEARFUL frankness begins to grow on me. I feel it is all so wearisome, so barbarous, so inhuman—and so devoid of purity. It is an absurdity to put together these independent but mutually exclusive marvels, which are most inimical to each other when they are most alike.

ONLY an irrational civilization, and one devoid of the taste for pleasure, could have devised such a domain of incoherence. This juxtaposition of dead visions has something insane about it, with each thing jealously competing for the glance that will give it life. They call from all directions for my undivided attention, maddening the live magnet which draws the whole machine of the body toward what attracts it. . . .

THE ear could not tolerate the sound of ten orchestras at once. The mind can neither follow nor perform several distinct operations at once; simultaneous lines of reasoning are impossible to it. But the eye, within the angle of its sweep, and at one instantaneous glance, is compelled to take in a *portrait* and a *seascape*, a study of *food*, and a *triumph*, along with views of people in the most varying states and sizes; and it must also accept mutually incompatible color harmonies and styles of painting, all in the same look.



Just as a collection of pictures constitutes an abuse of space that does violence to the eyesight, so a close juxtaposition of outstanding works offends the intelligence. The finer they are, the more exceptional as landmarks of human endeavor, the more distinct must they necessarily be. They are rarities whose creators wanted each one to be unique. *That picture*, people sometimes say, *KILLS all the others around it*. . . .

I FEEL sure that Egypt, China, Greece, in their wisdom and refinement, never dreamed of this system of putting together works which simply destroy each other: never arranged units of incompatible pleasure by order of number, and according to abstract principles.

BUT our heritage is a crushing burden. Modern man, worn out as he is by the immensity of his technical resources, is also impoverished by the sheer excess of his riches. The process of donations and legacies, the connection between production and purchases—and that other source of increase depending on changes in fashion and taste and their reactions in favor of works fallen into neglect—all conspire, without ceasing, to accumulate a necessarily unusable excess of capital.

THE museum exerts a constant pull on everything that men can make. It is fed by the creator and the testator. All things end up on the wall or in a glass case. . . . I cannot but think of the bank at a casino, which wins every time.

BUT our capacity to use these ever-increasing resources is far from growing with them. Our wealth is a burden and a bewilderment. The need to concentrate it all in one place intensifies the sad and stupefying result. However vast the palace, however suitable and well-arranged, we always feel a little lost, a little desolate in its galleries, all alone against so much art. The product of thousands of hours' work consumed in painting and drawing by so many masters, each hour charged with years of research, experiment, concentration, genius, acts upon our senses and minds in a few minutes! . . . We cannot stand up to it. So what do we do? *We grow superficial*.

OR ELSE we grow erudite. And erudition, in art, is a kind of dead end; throwing light on what is least refined, investigating the nonessentials. For direct feeling, it substitutes theories, for the marvelous actuality an encyclopedic memory; and the immense museum is further saddled with a limitless library. Aphrodite is transformed into a dossier.

I STAGGER out of this temple of the loftiest pleasures with a splitting head—an extreme fatigue, accompanied sometimes by an almost painful activity of mind. The glorious chaos of the museum follows me out and blends with the living activities of the street. My uneasiness, groping for its cause, senses—or invents—some inscrutable connection between this obsessive feeling of confusion and the troubled state of the arts in our time.

WE LIVE and move today in the same state of dizzying conglomeration that we inflict as a torture on the arts of the past.

SUDDENLY I glimpse a vague ray of light. An answer begins to form itself, separating out from my feelings, insisting on expression. Painting and Sculpture, says my Demon of Analysis, are both foundlings. Their mother, Architecture, is dead. So long as she lived, she gave them their place, their function and discipline. They had no freedom to stray. They had their exact allotted space and given light, their subjects and their relationship. . . . While Architecture was alive, they knew their function . . .

GOOD-BY, says my idea, this is as far as I go.

Translated by David Paul. From *Degas, Manet, Morisot*, the forthcoming volume in the Bollingen edition of Valéry's collected works.

# The Contradictions of Courbet

An Exhibition

at Philadelphia and Boston reveals the artist as more than the "megalomaniac of Realism."

BY ALFRED WERNER

COLUMBUS traveled westward with the intention of finding a new passage to India, and to the end of his life remained convinced he had discovered a hitherto unknown coast of that country. In the realm of plastic art, there is many a Columbus, proud of something he believes to be his greatest achievement, only to have posterity honor him for a very different contribution. Gustave Courbet (1819-77) took pride in being the inventor of *réalisme*, as though there had been no Teniers, no Chardin before him; yet today his verbose manifestoes (penned with the help of more educated, more articulate friends) are very nearly forgotten, and visitors to the Courbet exhibition in Philadelphia and Boston\* pay more attention to the master painter than to the aesthetic theorist and social philosopher he claimed to be.

This is just one of a score of contradictions in Courbet's life and work. All who have written about the artist, son of a well-to-do landowner from Ornans, in the mountainous and wooded Franche-Comté, are agreed that he was a noisy, arrogant, pushing fellow, a very heavy eater and drinker, often cynical in his relations with both women and men, and totally lacking the urbanity and good temper of his contemporaries such as the much older Delacroix or the much younger Manet. Yet the self-portraits reveal a poetic as well as a demonic personality, driven by passions, and his flower pieces suggest the attitude of a clear-eyed mystic, so perfect is their fusion of the physical and the metaphysical.

Perhaps his reputation as an artist would have emerged less encumbered with nonartistic byplay had he been born in another epoch, had his talents been allowed to mature without being corrupted by exalted dreams of leadership. But after 1850 art in France had reached an impasse, as the vigorous antagonists Delacroix and Ingres moved beyond the zenith of their activity, while some of the protagonists of the next, Impressionist, revolution were still studying at various Ecoles des Beaux Arts. These schools were directed by eclectics who had neither knowledge of nor feeling for the function of art, and insisted that their pupils make copies of their own copies of classical renderings of historic, religious, mythological or allegorical scenes. The provincial from eastern France, soon after his arrival in Paris, found the anemic ideals upheld by the Salon and the established critics loathsome to his own virile rusticity, and his sound instincts led him to abandon the obligatory subject matter (his own wretched *Lot and His Daughters* indicates how little inclination he had for this sort of thing) and to discover sources fitting his own mode of expression.

The story of Courbet's Pavillon du Réalisme has been told too often to need repetition here in great detail. When the jury of

\* The exhibition was installed at the Philadelphia Museum of Art from December 17 to February 14, and is featured at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston from February 26 to April 14.

the World's Fair Exhibition of 1855 refused two of his most important paintings, Courbet at his own expense constructed a hall where he hung forty canvases and four drawings, charging an admission fee. Delacroix came and spent nearly an hour—there were no other visitors. Twelve years later, after *réalisme* had won the battle and Courbet had reached his peak of both artistic power and arrogance, he repeated the stunt by having again a show of his own, independent of the World's Fair. "I have built a cathedral," he wrote. "I have astonished the entire world. The Gallery of the Louvre is no more, nor [a reference to places where contemporary art was shown] the Champs-Élysées, nor the Luxembourg, nor the Champs de Mars. I dismay the world of art."

Today Courbet's action is not resented as it was during his time. He was a free spirit, and he opened the road for generations of independent personalities who were to stake their lives and their art in defying the canons of a hostile society. But the self-advertising grandiloquence that accompanied each step he took still seems appalling. Daumier quietly refused to accept the Legion of Honor ribbon from the reactionary regime of Napoleon III, but Courbet's refusal was contained in an aggressive letter to the Minister of Fine Arts: "The state is incompetent in matters of art. When it undertakes to reward, it usurps the public taste. Its intervention is altogether demoralizing, disastrous to the artist, whom it deceives concerning his own merit; disastrous to art, which it encloses within official rules, and condemns to the most sterile mediocrity; it would be wisdom for it to abstain. The day the state leaves us free, it will have done its duty toward us."

All this is well put—yet only a year later, when Courbet became an important figure in "the state" (he served for a time as a member of the Commune in Paris), he fervently advocated state support for artists. It is admirable to have principles, but it is boorish to congratulate oneself publicly for being upright: "I will honor myself by remaining faithful to my lifelong principles . . . When I am dead they will have to say of me: He never belonged to any school, to any church, to any institution, to any academy, above all not to any regime, unless it were the regime of liberty."

Here again a correction must be made. Courbet did adhere to a church—not the Catholic Church of his conservative family, but to that of the Socialist sectarian Proudhon, who had no use for paintings except as sociological tracts, and who almost persuaded Courbet to produce "Socialist paintings." (According to Proudhon, it was art's sole task to "serve the physical and moral improvement of our species.") Courbet belonged to no school (though he conducted an unorthodox school of his own for a short time), but he was enslaved by his own concept called *réalisme* and would have lost to it all his splendid qualities as a painter had not his rustic instincts, stronger than his mediocre mind, frequently gained control.



*Sleep;*  
collection Petit Palais, Paris.

IRONICALLY, the very history of painting from the early Renaissance to the Impressionists is characterized by the application of "realist" principles in theory, and by the repudiation of these in practice. Vasari, an astute man and a painter himself, admired the *Mona Lisa* for being an "exact copy of nature"; we would be inclined to praise it for quite other qualities today. Courbet did not always "escape" his intentions, of course. Whenever he failed—and his misses are almost as numerous as his hits—he fell flat aesthetically because he stubbornly insisted upon limiting himself to "*la vérité vraie*," and to the representation of real, existing things just as his eyes perceived them. In his healthy opposition to the slick nymphs and smooth goddesses that smiled at every visitor in the official Salons he often went astray by painting mechanically what he found ready-made in "reality" (*vide* his Swiss landscapes that are little better than picture postcards).

Contemporaries of superior sensibility were quick to recognize Courbet's merits and also to notice his shortcomings. Delacroix, who personally was very kind to the younger man (who had no eye for the kind of painting Delacroix did), in his *Journal* observed Courbet's error in fanatical adherence to *réalisme*, for he writes: "When Courbet painted the background of the woman bathing, he copied it faithfully from a study which I saw hanging near his easel. Nothing could be colder; it is like a piece of mosaic. I began to make something tolerable of my African journey only when I had forgotten the trivial details and remembered nothing but the striking and poetic side of the subject. Up to that time, I had been haunted

by this passion for accuracy that most people mistake for truth."

Baudelaire, about the same age as Courbet, was for a time on cordial terms with the painter—which is extraordinary, since the latter held that "to write verse is dishonest, to speak differently from ordinary people is to pose as an aristocrat," and made no secret of his opinions. At one time Baudelaire had dreamt of the "real painter" who would "know how to wrest from actual life its epic quality and make us see and understand how great and poetic we are in our neckties and polished shoes." Writing in favorable terms about Courbet's crusade (the Pavillon du Réalisme) which took place "with all the violence of an armed revolt," he described the painter as a "mighty workman, a man of fierce and indomitable will," and his efforts "on behalf of external, positive and immediate Nature" are applauded as a wholesome reaction to Ingres' "tradition of Raphaelesque beauty." But Baudelaire's enthusiasm for Courbet did not last long, and he eventually dissociated himself from Courbet and "the mob of vulgar artists and literary men whose shortsighted intelligence takes shelter behind the vague and obscure word *realism*."

Today we are better able to judge the man and artist than were public and critics a hundred, or fifty, or even twenty years ago. Important books about him have been published since the end of the last war, and for the past thirteen years the Société des Amis de Gustave Courbet has been unearthing biographical details about this controversial and Janus-faced man. For a long time he was held in low esteem—by those who preferred the dazzling palette of the Impressionists to his generally cool colors



## The Contradictions of Courbet

and only grudgingly conceded the influence he had had on both Manet and Monet, and by the Cubists, whose god was the more "abstract" Cézanne. But a revision has occurred in the last ten or twelve years, and as exhibitions became more frequent (at the Venice Biennale and the Petit Palais in Paris, and the Wildenstein and Rosenberg galleries in New York), Courbet's interest for us has increased immeasurably. Scholarship and taste have redressed the balance in his favor.

It seems clear now that his imprisonment on the charge of having ordered the destruction of the Vendôme Column during the Communist regime was unjust, and that it was equally unfair to drive him into bankruptcy and eventually into his Swiss exile by the demand that he pay a fantastic sum of money for the rebuilding of this column.\* New research has also revealed that some utterly insipid paintings ascribed to Courbet are outright fakes, while others are unfinished paintings, of his last, weak years, that were "perfected" by commercial daubers.

**T**ODAY we are also sufficiently removed from the battle cry of "Realism versus Idealism" to be able to separate what—to our taste at least—appears great and noble from what is ephemeral and even outspokenly bad in his work. To state it quickly, those paintings of his that are the smallest in size (sometimes not larger than sixteen by twenty-four inches) are usually his finest; whenever he made a small preparatory sketch for an enormous canvas, the sketch is infinitely more exciting for its spontaneity and freshness; the simpler the composition, the more assertive the poetry, while in the very large pictures there is rarely the perfect logical construction one finds in the great masters.

In Philadelphia, of the two versions of *The Village Maidens* the small sketch (from Leeds, England) was more convincing than the blown-up version (from our Metropolitan Museum). Here was a poet who had taken a charming original ditty of three quatrains and reworked it into a dull epic of three hundred stanzas! The Louvre would not part with the huge, mural-like canvases, *Burial at Ornans* and *The Studio*, but, having seen

\* It is significant that the campaign against Courbet was led by Meissonier, a now almost forgotten gold-medalist, who demanded the exclusion of the convicted Communard from all Salon exhibitions, whereas his defenders included such artists as Daumier and Corot.

them once, I did not deplore their absence. For while there are some striking faces and gestures in the multitude of actors, Courbet lacked the imagination that fuses a multiplicity of figures into a perfect design, as is done in *The Raft of the Medusa* or *Afternoon on the Grande Jatte*, to mention the most celebrated huge group pictures of the last century.

Yet what a master Courbet was when he did not create "significant" pictures with a message but allowed himself to remain faithful to his own experience, when, stretching his canvas and arranging pigments on his palette, he forgot he was a man with a mission in life, forgot he was to produce the art of democracy, forgot there was such a thing as *réalisme*. There were inspired moments when the mediocre intellect was dormant in the provincial giant and intuition took over, when there was no need to construct, only to load the brush, or the spatula, or the thumb, with the thick, rich paste that he knew how to apply with such a bold mastery. Although some of Soutine's most violent colors (such as his flaming reds) are absent from Courbet's rather low-keyed palette, the more recent artist keeps coming to mind, equally simple and elemental, and often attacked as a "sale peintre" for wildly smearing colors on canvas in thick impasto.

Courbet was more orderly, and somehow memories of the paintings he had admired in the Louvre, and in the Netherlands, were too persistent to permit him to forget classic composition, even though it interfered (happily, from our point of view) with his mania for "the most complete expression of an existing thing." Still, the Realist Courbet and the Expressionist Soutine were brothers, united in their love for the father they had in common—Rembrandt—and their sole medium of expression, pastelike color (significantly, very few important drawings by Courbet exist, and none by Soutine). In a study devoted to Soutine, Monroe Wheeler pointed out what must have attracted Soutine in Courbet, "the painterliness above all, oil-painting for its own sake, with translucence and heavy texture and rugged handling." (In 1866, Thoré, the rediscoverer of Vermeer, had anticipated this praise by commenting on Courbet's "sensitive brushwork" and "opulent palette.") Courbet's *Head of a Pig* looks forward to Soutine, while the *Salmon* could not have been painted without Courbet's *Trout*. In one canvas, *Siesta*, Soutine even went so far as to re-create, deliberately and consciously,



*Fringe of the Forest;*  
collection Louis E. Stern, N. Y.



*Head of a Pig;*  
collection Jacques Guérin, Paris.



*Courbet with a Black Dog;*  
collection Petit Palais, Paris.



*Woman with a Parrot;*  
collection Metropolitan Museum of Art.

## The Contradictions of Courbet



*The Village Maidens;*  
collection Metropolitan Museum of Art.



*The Rock at Ten O'Clock;*  
collection Louvre, Paris.

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one of the two "demoiselles" in Courbet's *Young Women on the Banks of the Seine*.

Like Soutine, the robust primitive from Eastern Europe, Courbet was admirable only when he worked on a canvas with enormous fervor. Lionello Venturi quotes an artist who loved to watch Courbet paint, admiring "the ease, the assurance, the firmness of his brush." The very angel whose existence he so stubbornly denied led him away from *réalisme* toward simplification and selectivity. In those pictures of woods and streams, castles and church towers, rocks and waterfalls, cliffs and waves, there is the lustiness, the Rabelaisian appetite of a not overly domesticated provincial, as there is a very earthy sexual desire in *Sleeping Woman* (1857) or *Woman in the Wave* (1868). But once the mystical unification with nature (what Thoré called "a profound and poetic feeling for nature") is interrupted by thought, the miracle comes to a stop. *Woman with a Parrot* and *Venus and Psyche*, with the *mise en scène* of a typical Salon picture of the period, suffer from the very "coldness" about which Delacroix complained. Some of his forest scenes are spoiled by the introduction of deer so stiff and unnatural that no one would have believed the artist was an ardent hunter who had seen these graceful creatures hundreds of times. But whereas one can almost smell the humus of the ground, heft the weight of the stones, feel the warmth of a sun ray breaking through the foliage of his magic forest, the animals often look as though they had been cut out from illustrations in zoology textbooks and arbitrarily pasted in (in his mania for "concrete art." Courbet had used carcasses for models, trading the free-flowing grace of an intuitive hand for academic overpreciseness, or "narrow-minded exactness," to use Van Gogh's term).

**O**UR Columbus never found what he set out to discover—a formula, a system enabling him to transmute "the customs, ideas and appearance" of his time into a living art. With the aid of illusionism he desired to represent the things of his century; yet he somehow failed to paint the newly built railroads (to which he refers so often verbally), the factories mushrooming in the industrial suburbs of Paris, the sweatshops and slums whose existence he as a Socialist must have deplored. This task he left to the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists in his country and in neighboring Germany. In a way, he may have been as priggish as his political mentor, Proudhon. But as a painter he could now and then rise to tremendous heights, because he had the same passion as his idol, Rembrandt, even though his painterly sympathy was directed toward the things of nature rather than toward humans.

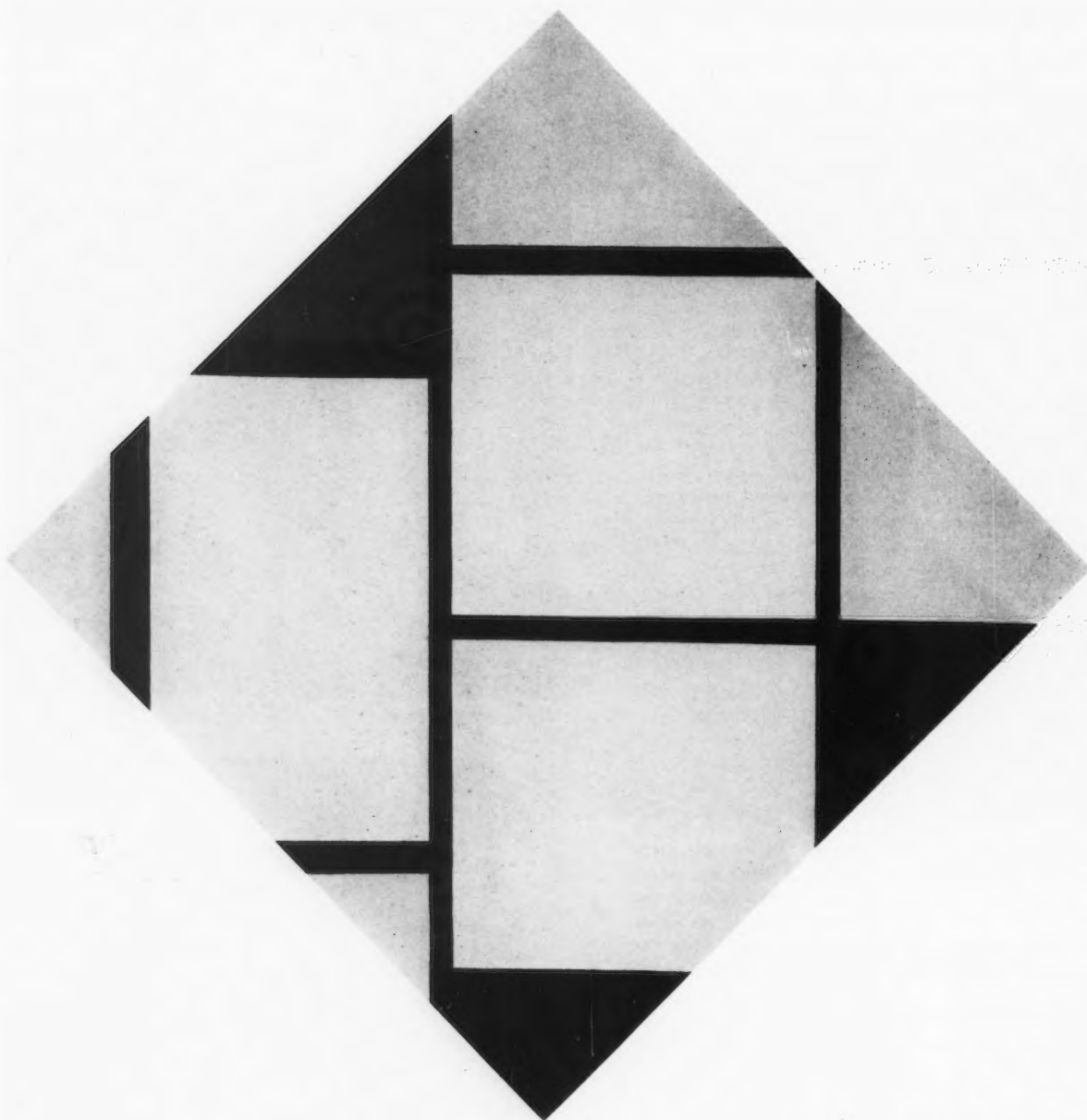
René Huyghe, in his introduction to the Philadelphia catalogue, observes that where human beings are portrayed, they are very often shown in the state of siesta, daydream or sleep. There is an anomaly in this—the Socialist, the agitator Courbet, living in a century of technical progress, of nerve-racking activity, devoting himself (in spite of all the high-sounding demands of his manifestoes) to themes as romantic, as forlorn, as unaggressive as was the little world of the Barbizon painters before him with whom he would never have wished to be identified. M. Huyghe sums up the dichotomy of Courbet's soul quite aptly when he observes: "This close affinity with the animal and plant worlds and this tacit vindication of sleep are in Courbet joined to a distrust and hostility for the things of the spirit. When he has to, he can use ideas to back up his convictions, but they do not interest him. They only hamper him, for his strength lies elsewhere. Whenever he tries to make a place for them in his art, they weigh it down and weaken it; the moment he has the courage to eliminate them, he is again himself and becomes a poet."



*Sleeping Woman*; collection Mme. Georges Duthuit, Paris.



*Stream in the Forest*; collection Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.



Piet Mondrian, *Composition* (1926);  
at Sidney Janis Gallery.

## MONT H IN REVIEW

BY GEORGE DENNISON

**T**HE exhibition of Arp and Mondrian at the Janis Gallery (January 25–March 5) is not only a fine selection, especially of Mondrian's work, but is the kind of presentation that revivifies something essential. The confidence of personal taste which is apparent in the selection, together with the simplicity of the gallery setting, has the effect of placing the paintings directly in the stream of everyday life, and this, given the absolute and reductionist quality of the work, is precisely the most

revealing encounter. (The same might be said of the temporary installation at the Museum of Modern Art, the demonstrative "Bid for Space," which in fact—except for the sculpture—is the best display the collection has ever been given.) In a didactic setting, which isolates each painting in an expanse of white gentility and hushed breath, it is especially Mondrian who tends to be diminished, since it is the very essence of his work to confront us in our true immediacy. He may be contrasted in this respect with any painter who reshapes the ordinary data of the senses—with Braque, for instance, whose work is a harmonious extension of the visible. Mondrian does not extend the visible, but turns and confronts it—his works are like rallying points—and the excitement of this stance is evident in the present exhibition.

The earliest of the paintings is dated 1921, and therefore

the work which reveals the immediate stimulus of Cubism is not represented. But the selection is so generous and of such quality that even the outer limits of Mondrian's sensibility are touched upon. The broad lines of his career fell into a pattern of withdrawal and return—the break with tradition and the successful development of a new image. And his thought moved between these poles, on the one hand the idea of an evolving modern sensibility, and on the other the idea of continuity with the past, which he expressed in basic ideas of the beautiful. This duality, so harmoniously contained, can be seen in the fluctuations of his one essential image. Where he was concerned with the evolution of a modern temper—and with meeting a new aesthetic need—he was most involved in reduction and in the concretization of an idea of structure. It is this aspect that one sees in a quick glance around the gallery: it is the meaning of the sameness of the paintings. The works which most exemplify this meaning are those that are most emptied of function, and of the senses, and the ego. Certainly they are the most severe, though they are not the least lovely. A painting like *Composition* (1933) is a good example. The work of his last period, on the other hand—paintings like *Place de la Concorde* (1938-43), and *New York I* (1942)—seems to take a more direct interest in the sensual, as if it were not so much the process of abstraction which concerned him, but the question of how much his characteristic structure might be capable of supporting in terms of color and animation. It is an interesting echo from the days of his earliest Cubist experiments, when he made alternating studies of the Cubist reduction and of the pictorial appearance of a given scene.

It is instructive to see Arp and Mondrian together, for the quality they share is an important one, namely, a humanism driven to the extreme and emerging from the dilemma with a new image. Where Mondrian abandons the appearance of the sensual, Arp clings to it, but refines it into allusion, metaphor and gesture. His art is far less than Mondrian's a salute to the future, and far more a graceful annotation of the past. His reference to the fleshly and the sinuous is always fastidious—and is essentially aristocratic, implying a harmonious environment, specific attitudes and prerogatives. This quality is quite evident if one imagines how the pieces of this exhibition might appear in a contemporary apartment. The white marble *Floral Nude*, for instance, even in the most chic surroundings, would appear, however lovely, unavoidably "historical," a little exotic, full of implications which no longer settle immediately into the texture of our day-by-day. The work of Mondrian is quite different. Placed in the most lived-in cold-water flat, it would not only fit, but might very well appear to be in an ideal setting; for its assertive vitality would be emphasized, and one might watch it, as it were, cut its characteristic clearing out of another thicket.

**J**OSE LUIS CUEVAS, the young Mexican artist whose drawings were featured in the 1959 São Paulo Bienal (First International Prize for Drawing) is represented by twenty-seven drawings at the Herbert Gallery (March 1-26). It's easy to see what the excitement is about. His style is strikingly original (mostly self-taught) and his subject both idiosyncratic and viable. Cuevas uses the human figure, but renders it grotesque—extremely so—sometimes transforming it into the animal, a use which is among the few which find credence today. His strength, however, does not lie in the subject, but in the nervous ebb and flow of his scratchy lines, and in the composition of the figures. Most of the pen-and-ink drawings of this show are like leaves from a sketchbook: the informality of the grouping leads one to focus on the development of each figure



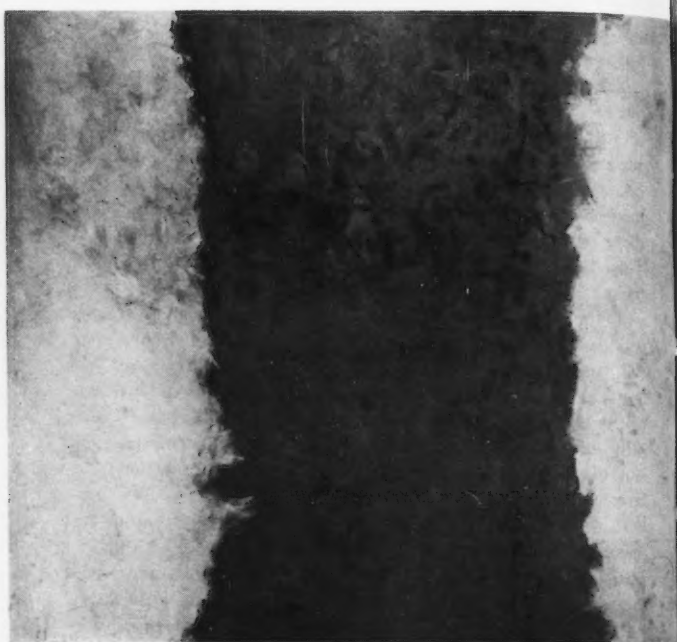
Jean Arp, *Floral Nude* (1957);  
at Sidney Janis Gallery.



## MONTH IN REVIEW



José Luis Cuevas, *Painters in Opposition*;  
at David Herbert Gallery.



Theodoros Stamos, *Corinth*  
at André Emmerich Gallery

rather than the organization of the page, and this development is characterized by an exciting harmony-in-discord of the short lines and the sinuous, abruptly changing flow of volume. Cuevas achieves a balance of literalness and distortion which forces the eye continually to rediscover the totality of the image. Sometimes a figure will be given in a penumbra of lines; again there will be a distortion, say of stance, which puts the torso in a space too distant to flow naturally toward the position of the legs. And while one assimilates the disjointed perspective, one pays attention to the tenuous, spasmodic lines, lines that are sometimes assertive and that sometimes seem to waver and withdraw. (This is the effect rather than the property of the lines, for most of them are short, deft strokes.) As for pictorial detail, Cuevas gives only enough to establish the grotesque or repulsive quality of the figure, never enough to suggest a personality. This is in keeping with his statement, quoted in the catalogue: "I make symbols of them [the figures] . . . stripping them of all that is transient . . . I seek to render them universal in their repulsiveness . . . It is a commonplace world which I have depicted, not in the petty details of daily existence, but in its essence." (There's something amusing in his speaking of the commonplace in this way, for his distortions are really extreme. It reminds me of a remark a friend once made that began: "The average Oriental sage . . .")

Because of the inventiveness with which he develops physical ambiguities, Cuevas is a very likely illustrator for Kafka. The gallery has a copy of the limited edition of *The Worlds of Kafka and Cuevas* (Falcon Press, Philadelphia). Cuevas' drawings—free extemporizations, usually—appear on facing pages with excerpts from the texts. Interesting as this work is, however, it is especially in this context that Cuevas' weakness is most apparent. When one speaks of the "world of Kafka" one is referring, really, to the images, the plots, the rhythms of recurrence—in short, the artistic method through which

Kafka throws light on *this* world, our ordinary, which itself is the "world of Kafka." Cuevas' drawings do not have the same kind of reference. This is true, too, of Goya's *Caprichos*. (Because of the grotesque, these have been invoked to describe the talent of Cuevas.) Cuevas' statement about rendering the universal is far more applicable to the *Caprichos* than it is to his own work. Goya's universal lay in the passions, and his use of the grotesque was always metaphorical, a harsh but accurate poetry which leaped with great force to the emotional limits of experience. It is just this that Cuevas' monsters lack—a sense of ulterior meaning. And, significantly, where the *Caprichos* are full of action, gestures, conflicts, Cuevas' drawings tend to be static, a series of portraits, a rogues' gallery, as it were, of the deformed. They are symbols perhaps, but certainly they are private ones—and they are a long way from capturing the universal. Where he is most vital and most truly idiomatic is in his style, and this is admirably responsive to the fluctuations of feeling and temperament which accompany his fascinated (and perhaps compelled) glance at the face of things.

**A**LMOST all of Theodoros Stamos' big abstractions at the Emmerich Gallery (February 1-27) are organized in three vertical bands. They do not give the effect of being in the same plane, like stripes, but have the appearance of overlapping fields of energy—one thinks of the drift of ionized particles which evolve into solids because of their own contained forces. This quality of immanent energy, with its fascination of the potential, is produced by the rich, light-filled color, and by the intricate animation of the texture. In each painting the color range is small. The flowing bands, or fields, are of related hues, and the mottling effect within each band is one of subtle contrasts. The irregular fields themselves are the only forms—an assertive homogeneity which draws upon the cur-

rent interest in the value of the ground instead of the figure on the ground, and upon the visual process instead of the results of the process (in which respect "all-over painting" and Abstract Expressionism are far more related than the polemicists of *It Is* would have us believe). Stamos' texture may perhaps be taken as an abstract form; certainly it is the activity of the process, though it is not a matter of the brush strokes by themselves but of intricate units which combine the work of the brush and the palette knife, as well as a very localized blending of color.

Stamos' development has in some ways been similar to Rothko's. In the late forties he used ambiguous, imaginative shapes, "figures" which evoked certain indistinct but effective emotions and body-states. These figures gradually vanished, first into fragments, then into a vaporization of the fragments. What is left now is the ground and its activity, a distillation of the animating spirit: both charm and bravura held within a strict framework. Rothko arrived at a wholly objective image; Stamos has come to the public surface of a subjective one.

**T**HERE is an obvious vitality in Nicholas Marsicano's recent work at the Schaefer Gallery (February 29-March 19), but there is also a disquieting sense of conflict, perhaps a conflict

of methods. His long strokes are sometimes lyrical, sometimes harsh, and the color varies from a kind of acidic violence to softer, springlike hues. The same duality can be seen in the handling of the female nude, which is a central image in most of the paintings. In the suggestiveness of volume, posture, curve line, etc., the figure appears to be conceived in a more or less lyrical and Romantic tradition; but the violent progress of the heavy black lines over and around the figure, and the stark way in which it is thrust up from a kind of livid space, suggest an asperity that is very much at odds with what appears to be the basic emotion. There is a great deal of drip and spatter, so much that the figures are veiled or shrouded in it—*Baubo* and *Portrait*, for instance, and especially the large *Celebrants*. The activity of the drip—its motion, as it were—belongs to the violent and impulsive dynamic; but the sheer quantity of it, as well as its appearance of being added *to* instead of being integral, gives it a curious lyricism. The over-all effect is like seeing a dialectic of two impulses, one lyrical and Romantic, and the other violent and Expressionist. But the dialectic is incomplete, for the two impulses—or methods—don't resolve; rather they perpetually contend with each other. There is a genuine vitality in this struggle—on both sides, for instance, the effects are large and clear—but one feels that a final resolution would be more persuasive in total import.

Nicholas Marsicano, *Baubo*; at Bertha Schaefer Gallery.



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## Margaret Breuning:

Gatch and Avery at the Whitney . . .

Hartl's new work . . . "color says something" for Charles Shaw . . . water colors

by Frederic James . . . Harriette Trifon's assurance . . .

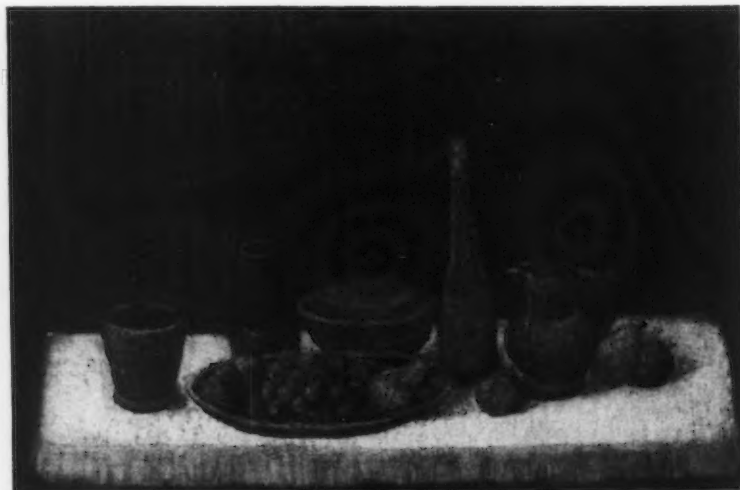
QUITE recently there have been a number of retrospective exhibitions of work by artists now in mid-career—rather than the usual previous retrospective showings after the death of the artists, or at least after they were at the full height of their powers. The Whitney Museum is now holding two such showings, respectively of the paintings of Milton Avery and Lee Gatch, both accomplished artists who have not been on the art horizon conspicuously of late because of the present impassioned pursuit of the unknown and youthful artist. As I recall it, they began their exhibition careers in the late twenties, and though each was trying to throw off the mortmain of the past, the individual approach was quite different. It seems to me that Gatch is the more fortunate in the selection of his canvases; some of Avery's should be left out and many others added. Both artists have continued to work steadily, and the result is appreciable in these exhibitions. Avery has gained in soundness of composition, the drawing together of details to totality of impression, in highly simplified and also highly successful design. While his composition was never cluttered, it is now fined down almost to bareness, as in the impressive *Sand, Sea and Sky*, a recent work which displays only the essence of the artistic idea, the subjective quality as apparent as the direct expression. The beauty of his color always made impression, but now it is made to count for more in its intensity and purity. While Avery never went to Paris until 1952, long after he had worked out his artistic salvation, many people consider that he was greatly influenced by Matisse. The pure harmony of both artists' subjectivity was reached separately, but it suggests similar gifts.

Lee Gatch—who first exhibited at J. B. Neuman's, after a fairly long period of study in this

country and abroad—developed slowly, working off "influences," arriving at a personal style of his own which has not greatly changed in his later work. The 1925 portrait may be highly derivative, but it presents clearly "the artist as a young man," uncertain, but never wavering in his determination to paint. He has rid his canvas of niggling details and gained a command both of design and rich color patterns, continuing his early semiabstract designs in fuller and deeper content. It is quite possible to see where he has borrowed from contemporaries, but adapted his borrowings of color and sometimes design to his own highly personal expression. There is always something hidden in his work, but this does not militate against the effectiveness of his work. His exhibition contains most of his best work and gives the viewer a clarified impression of his *oeuvre* in its richness and variety. There is no confusion even in the symbolism that recalls Mallarmé—for many of the paintings are lyrical and suggest the poetry of the Symbolist. (Whitney Museum, Feb. 2-Mar. 3.)

LEON HARTL's comparatively recent alteration in his style of painting does not in his present exhibition diminish the significance of his work or its appeal. For those who feel nostalgic about his early ideology there are a few flower pieces, carried out in the character of his former work—clusters of forms in nacreous whites mingled with vivid colors and crispness of succulent greens of leaf and stem, all sharply defined, combining evidence of fine observation with sensuous beauty. Yet there is much to admire in his recent canvases, executed in newly found freedom of expression, in flowing line and frequent muting of ardent color to an all-over pattern of subdued hues. *Basket of Flowers*, of this late work, seems to exhale the same fragrance as the early painting of the same title, but the present canvas depends less on description, its flowing contours and generalized forms appearing to rely more on design for their conviction. An interesting feature of this showing is the arrangement of still-life details in horizontal rows, resembling early Spanish paintings, especially those of Zurbarán. (Peridot, Mar. 7-Apr. 2.)

CHARLES SHAW's current exhibition reverts to his colorful palette, but not the earlier flat designs; these canvases seem to glow out of their frames in solidity of forms in an exhibition of vibrant life. While they seem to ignore the usual conventions of design, they appear to have transcended them in powerful, original expression. "Color says something" is often cited, but seldom seriously



Leon Hartl, *Still Life*; at Peridot Gallery.



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considered. Shaw has apparently adopted this theory in his work, allowing areas of brilliant red, flashes of gleaming white and ebony-black planes to impinge on each other, achieving an unusual yet definite pictorial balance—through apparent irrelevance, but really through considered relations. He seems to have fully appreciated the weight of masses, the tactile values of rough-finished surfaces and glistening smooth ones, as contributions to pictorial effects, and all in freedom from obvious appeal. Much of this large showing is given to cosmic definition, such as *Shape of Survival*, *Edge of Space*, *Cosmic Force*, works which seem to enter suprasensible realms, yet not so much clouded by mystery as revealing the esoteric in the clarity of everyday experience. In contrast with these cryptic subjects are the bluntness and explicitness of *Barcelona*, the city's ancient background jostled by modern "progress," the entire canvas swimming in ochreous planes of glowing copper and orange, or the *Corredo*, displaying a gay patterning of linear yellow and red, or *Flamingo*, the brilliant red bird set against bands of gray, black and white. But whether the subject possesses an occult or a mundane theme, there is always beneath the surfaces of these canvases a whisper of mystery, an *arrière-pensée* of inner significance. (Landry, Mar. 15–Apr. 2.)

**WATER COLORS** by Frederic James include subjects drawn from his native Midwest and from his long sojourns on Martha's Vineyard. Right here it is in order for me to say that I am one of the die-hards who prefer smaller papers for many reasons, but that I have been completely beguiled by this handsome showing. In all his papers the artist reveals fluency of brushing, surety of touch and a definite ability to render visual experience in pictorial terms. How acute his observation has been is apparent in the concise fidelity of textures, hues and forms, in discriminating choice of detail. While it may not be *au fait* at present for an artist to communicate through his work, a viewer may gratefully accept the aspects of nature presented by these papers, in which fidelity of record as well as the quality of the artist's reactions is felt. *Edge of the Sea*, a broken movement of crested waves in an ebb tide; the sense of desiccation of all vegetal life in *Winter Field*; the broken pattern of horizontals in *Rail Fence*, in a world submerged in snow under a leaden sky—these are examples of the painter's ability to create the general through a summing up of particulars. *From the Landing* should be cited; a stairway through the middle of the paper breaks off at an acute angle to form a smaller flight of steps, the whole landing illuminated by a window behind the stairs, its reflection on the opposite wall mingling with a radiance from above, effecting a surprising luminosity. (Milch, Feb. 8–Mar. 5.)

**AS A PREFACE** to the catalogue of Harriette Trifon's exhibition of paintings at the Barzansky Galleries, there is a listing of her previous activities in the art world—an astonishing number of exhibitions, both one-man and group showings, with an equally impressive list of awards and prizes for her work, as well as a record of the permanent collections which include her paintings. Such experience accounts for her assurance in handling her subjects in free-flowing designs of rich color, natural forms for the most part that have been closely observed and developed in rhythmic motifs consonant with their significance. In *Aquarium*, for example, the colorful fish gliding through underwater foliage possess a *molto agitato* tempo, while the crossing of spars and sails in *Regatta* produces a staccato movement. Many canvases contain exaggerated realistic forms, such as the *Still Life* in which, from a welter of glowing hues, the outsized bottles, glasses and plates of viands emerge from the chromatic flux into an actual finality of design. (Barzansky, Feb. 8–20.)

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Joaquín Torres-García, *Painting*;  
at Rose Fried Gallery.

## IN THE GALLERIES

**Joaquín Torres-García:** A Christian art in anything like Renaissance terms is impossible today in an art governed largely by plastic theory. But medievalism of a pagan sort has probably been with us for some time, and Mondrian was its pope. As in the art before the thirteenth century (Giotto begins its modern transformation), the hegemony of the surface plane insisted on a type of imagery—where the artists have chosen it—that reflects a hieratic sensibility. And where its secular character passed over into ritual values (plastically expressed by the visual economics of primitivism), a type of religious experience was consecrated, of benefit to the psyche if not to the soul. The absolutism of modern art did not distinguish between the two. Torres-García called his art "Universal Constructivism"—which suggests the heavy ideological endowment he brought to his painting and confirms the absolutism in which the universal was symbolized in terms of plastic concreteness. He was influenced by Mondrian, whose "façade" paintings his works resemble in their freehanded way, and by Klee, the iconographer of the psyche, whose fantastic imagery may have suggested his. Within a shaggy scaffold he recorded the schematized symbols of the sun, men and women, houses, boats, fish, clocks, ladders, anchors, etc. Color was

virtually nonexistent, and the surface was frequently broken into fourteen planes or divisions, the number having a mystical fascination for him, just as later, when he introduced flat color, he worked frequently in a set number of tones—red, white, blue and black-and-white. But even his claylike grays were painterly. We should keep in mind, in dwelling on the significance of his earthly pictographs, that late Byzantine art replaced its saints with members of the emperor's court. To Torres-García a cup—as long as it was in the vicinity of the sun—was sacred. And it had the same universal value as a man and a woman (just as primitive man did not distinguish between himself and "things").

The work here dates from the late twenties to the year of his death at seventy-four in 1949. He was born in Uruguay (in 1874) but brought his style to maturity in France, where he came into personal contact with Mondrian. Once his pictographic Cubism had developed he pursued it through endless variations. For a change he painted an occasional portrait and experimented with new motifs like the spiral or freed his symbols from their boxlike confinement. Yet his enigmatic discourse proceeds to spontaneous visual excitement while it accumulates the texture of

reality, mystical in import yet plastic in resolution. The ritualistic meaning of an existence in nature is restored by once more invoking art as rite. A neglected artist, Torres-García is rescued by this important exhibition from an underground reputation. (Fried, Mar. 1-31.)—S.T.

**Ralph Humphrey:** The obvious criticism is excessive simplicity; exclusive of that debit these paintings have much in their favor. They are large, subtle and single-colored. This is Purism of a sort, in which generality does not contain variables but excludes them, in which the basic diagram or color, the only continuity, is exposed, here the essence of a confused sequence of perceptions. The elder Purism of Malevich, Mondrian and Albers is allied to forms that are already concepts, to colors and structure symbolic in part of intellection, based on the discernment of the relatively objective mechanics of color and shape. Humphrey's simplicity is a magnification and isolation of sense perception, a generality more concretely emotional and associational than that of the earlier Purism. The complete surface, its texture implying improvisation, the very impure, ambiguous color, and the consequent frontal and impassive space are in the realm of sensation. The sensations of blue-black, not a color's seemingly logical relation to a complementary, or its suggested position in a fixed scheme, are refined, reduced to a single blue-black, expanded in size, and given a little of the variation and tone of the visual world and attendant emotions. The consequence is that the rawest, most unique immediacy is coexistent with generality, the basic quality and meaning; sense perception is particularized into universality. The direction is opposite in the older form; particularity is the product of generalization. On examination the dominant color usually has a small admixture of another, ultramarine blue in black, green in brown, or a slight interval between two overlying surfaces, greenish-gray over reddish-gray, a sienna over a darker one. A minor objection is that in some of the paintings the texture is faintly mechanical—which is a contradiction of its purpose, and which contributes, by subtraction, to the narrow excess of simplicity. (De Nagy, Feb. 2-20.)—D.J.

**Alberto Burri:** Collage is perhaps the only hangover from the more rebellious days of modern art that has managed to survive in more or less its original state. In Burri it has found its most formidable contemporary exponent. Noted for his use of bizarre materials and, in turn, his bizarre use of those materials, Burri now makes challenging use of wood, metal and burnt tissue paper. The "Combustions" are composed of horizontal and vertical arrangements of thin slats of wood which have been judiciously charred. The "Ferri" suggest in their use of large plates of iron which have been cut and soldered a kind of mysterious armor plate. And in the "Papers," which come closest in this group to seeming derivative, burnt tissue is locked in a vinyl solution just the way it fell. If Burri has managed to do something personal with collage, it is because he has successfully enlarged its scale and found commensurate material. The design counts for less than the act of reconstruction, for Burri has sensibly not tried to match wits with his tradition and rather than adding any new ideas works with what is a singular state of mind. He is thus in the mainstream of postwar modern art but more distinguishable by his somewhat compulsive reassembling of moribund material. It is still too soon to tell how much of this has passed into self-mannerism, but his work makes more sense when one understands that Burri was a surgeon as a prisoner of war. (Jackson, Feb. 2-27.)—S.T.

**Milton Resnick:** Commendation and objection can be equally emphatic in regard to the three large paintings and several smaller ones in this

show. Resnick is venturing into the field of vast, surface-orientated paintings but has rejected the idea of surface as relatively flat, or of depth as overlapping planes or controlled voids, and has developed, or begun to do so, the concept of the surface as continuous, comparatively deep in some spots, although always referring to the frontal plane, and coextensive with the canvas in others. The effect is of waves, though theoretically it need not be as watery as it is; the strokes swirl into depressions and rise in crests to the surface. Flat planes are very limiting and have been well used by Rothko and Still. Any overlapping is redolent of Cubism. Thus Resnick has a real gain in freedom, a new idea—although Pollock has some affinity to it—and one capable of a major advance. It is somewhat in embryo, however, because it is stated in color and brushwork that are predominantly derived from Impressionism—which results in a landscape quality. The conception of these two elements, especially the color, with actual exceptions to both, is not equal to the developed idea of surface. When the brush strokes gain momentum and are thoroughly engaged in the variable surface they nearly escape this objection. Only rarely does the color do so, as in a patch of vermilion, gray, light purple and yellow at the right center of *East Is the Place*, a painting that has a high degree of organization in an unobtrusive way. To simplify it ruthlessly, it has a large central diagonal area, out of which triangles extend, or, the triangles from the peripheral area project into it—it is reversible and subtle. The triangles repeat across the central form in some cases, and it is not easy to say whether a part is recessive or not—an ambiguity that has much to do with the success of the continuous surface. (Wise, Feb. 29-Mar. 26.)—D.J.

**Paul Klee:** Generally, it is difficult to see Klee's primitivism today. Even his "inner taste for the bizarre" has been compromised by the uses to which it and his primitive impulse have been put by avant-garde advertisers. If Klee does not speak directly as an influence on today's art, it is because his echo tends to drown out his original voice, even though that voice was first heard as a solo against the concerted Bauhaus effort toward application. In this collection of forty-eight water colors and drawings from three decades, an art that has been popularly useful is re-viewed as particularly fine. From the earliest of 1910 to the latest of 1940, a selection has been made that offers virtually one of a kind, and we comprehend through it that broad personal culture Klee re-presented in his confrontation with the visible. Here are the pair of "architectural" drawings of 1922, *The Drawing with the Mistake X* and *The Drawing without the Mistake*; *Spook in the Morning* (1932), which uses the drawings of children; *Young Man on the Eve Of* and *Portrait of Frau Bl.*—"expressivist" portraits, and the citing of singular statements could extend to about forty-eight.

Klee's unfailling ability to name his paintings has been used to attach the denigrative adjective "literary" to his work. But this ability is now seen as part of his strength. He was willing to face what he had made, to complete it and send it into the world with a name, to be the finally responsible author of its particular future. Today things are often let go while they're still inchoate, and when that happens it's only natural that there be "No names, please." (World House, Mar. 8-Apr. 2.)—A.V.

**Theresa Schwartz:** In her most figurative performance since she began to change from a non-objective style some four years ago, Miss Schwartz has come up with at least two extraordinary paintings and, in general, an immensely exciting exhibition. Working solely with figures, she lops their heads and cuts off legs below the knees (because, she explains, she does not wish the

particulars to impose); the figures are laid out across the surface in rather Byzantine fashion. It is the Byzantinism of Léger, but her style serves far less the interests of classical clarity than an expressionistic need manifesting itself in striking color contrasts and shapes erratically outlined in black. Clownish in their white and red, yellow and blue, yellow and white, lavender or green leotards topped with vividly striped patterns, her figures are pageants of ambiguous gaiety, especially in *Six-Day Ride* and *National Anthem*, in which three and four figures, respectively, create processions uniting decoration and feeling. Miss Schwartz's arrangements are essentially hieratic, and because they are still involved with realizing their net worth of emotional and plastic unity, they sometimes fall to one side—the decorative—of her development. Through repetition, her ideas tend to become diminished in motivation. There is oversimplification as a result, and the stripes and dots and fuzzy shapes of color that fill the backgrounds compromise when they should support the image. Yet all of these works require serious consideration. (Parma, Mar. 2-19.)—S.T.

**Helen Frankenthaler:** The nineteen paintings presently exhibited contribute remarkably to one another; their massed ambience and warmth, made possible by a favorable installation, is an expression of its own. Since Pollock's black-and-white paintings of 1951-52 are the initial source of Frankenthaler's, their similar means, used very differently, both stresses the novelty of this work and provides a criticism. Pollock's paintings are hardly quiescent; both marks and bare canvas are equally positive, almost in competition for frontality; the result is cool, tough and rigorous. It has implications of objectivity and, as alien as that is, Frankenthaler may eventually need a form of it to continue. Pollock achieves generality by establishing an extreme polarity between the simple, immediate perception of paint and canvas, a reduction to unexpandable sensation, and the complexity and overtones of his imagery and articulated structure. Such diverse elements combined under tension produce a totality much greater and unlike any of the parts. Frankenthaler has nothing like it, allowing for her different purpose, certainly as valid as Pollock's. The soft brevity of the strokes, the lambent stains and the allusive imagery are near in quality to each other and to the total result; the disparity of elements is less. Within this close alliance the scope of the imagery, from the world but only verified by emotion, is great; the idea of reality being a disparate collection is a unique theory of the imagination. A specific objection is that occasionally one of these odd images becomes too literal, as in the little vibrating circle in *Eden*. The paintings' surface is decidedly frontal, distinctly frontal, but in relation to the retiring marks and stains, i.e., by default, unaggressively dominant through a greater reticence. This sets up a certain progression into disappearance; one thing seems more evanescent than another. (Jewish Museum, Jan. 26-Mar. 2.)—D.J.

**Jean Tinguely:** Child's play is a serious business. Rich in sublimated meanings, it also represents, according to some experts, the child's introduction to aesthetic experience. The primitivism of modern art has demonstrated its fondness for the child's uninhibited—it thinks—plastic expressions, equating its directness with the primacy of the self, of the ego. In so doing it elevated spontaneity at the expense of the very play factor that informed it. For the adult play means work, and work means challenge in which the nature of the times is met, expressed and thereby mastered. (Play, too, is a form of coping with existence.) M. Tinguely who is thirty-five deserted stable Switzerland for unstable France. In making machines which "play" he has isolated the



Milton Resnick, *East Is the Place*; at Wise Gallery.



Paul Klee, *Portrait of Frau Bl.*; at World House Gallery.



Theresa Schwartz, *Six-Day Ride*; at Parma Gallery.



Helen Frankenthaler, *Jacob's Ladder*; at the Jewish Museum.





Jean Tinguely, *Relief Meta-mécanique*; at Staempfli Gallery.



Waldo Pierce, *Lilacs*; at Midtown Galleries.



Jerome Burns, *Backyard*; at Hicks Street Gallery.



Robert Engman, *Distention No. 17*; at Stable Gallery.

aesthetic factor of mere diversion and pronounced on the human condition of which he is a representative. His exhibition is an enormously diverting, entertaining and serious experience.

Tinguely makes what he calls "meta-matic" machines. Some are sculptural to the extent of comprising white shapes, rather like those of Arp, in relief, shapes which are turned by motors and create patterns that supposedly never repeat themselves—or hardly ever. Then there are machines which draw abstractions, consisting of various arrangements which end in a clamp to which can be attached a variety of drawing materials. These meta-matic "abstractions" are drawn on sheets of paper attached to a plate that moves against the moving drawing arm. A great deal of control can be exerted by changing the position of the clamps which hold the sheets of paper and by inserting the drawing materials at different lengths. For a slug costing fifty cents the observer can make a meta-matic drawing himself. Then there are the machines which are pure fun and, as such, the best example of M. Tinguely's philosophy of confusion. Nibs jiggling at the end of wires are, when set in motion, reflected randomly against raised tines. Another machine immaterializes a wire construction through rapid movement, just a vibration can destroy a straight edge or the physical appearance of a thing. Still another hops about to the accompaniment of percussive rhythms.

This meta-machinery is based on a principle of asynchronous gears which introduce the element of chance into mechanics. The principle effect on the observer is spontaneous laughter, a release proportionate to the serious issue at stake. For all their magnificent folly, these works could only have been conceived in the existential climate of European intellectualism which holds that the human situation is absurd in a universe dominated by chance and contingency. Through acts which are mechanical yet gratuitous, M. Tinguely is offering an antidote by advising continuous movement and continuous change. In a manifesto which he dropped from an airplane over Düsseldorf last March, he proclaimed: "Everything moves continuously. Immobility does not exist . . . Accept instability . . . Be static—with movement." His, then, is an art of sheer bravura, an effort, thus far sustained with success, to *épater l'univers*. He has brought Dada up to date. The pleasure one feels is his pleasure—of momentarily having put one over on the universe. On the other hand, it is a pose and, as such, subject to a vogue which it undoubtedly deserves. But soon, perhaps as soon as we walk out of the door into the usual world, we must confront the choices before us. We've had a good joke on the Boss and now back to work. (Staempfli, Jan. 25-Feb. 13.)—S.T.

**Waldo Pierce:** This exhibition is in part the result of the response given to Pierce's show last spring at the same gallery, which was his first New York show in over thirteen years. But the exhibition also aims at presenting something quintessential about Pierce, for it consists exclusively of still lifes of flowers. With another painter such an idea might be a little gimmicky; with Pierce it is not, because his paintings of flowers do in fact give an essence, both of his style and of his stance before nature. Since these paintings span the last twenty years, one sees at a glance not only the changes of technique, but also the quality of that step from maturity to ripe old age which is so indicative of the man. Pierce has always painted from a meaning rather than toward one, and the meaning has always inhered in the immediacy of his response to nature, a fact that has given much of his work the quality of occasional poetry of celebration. *Field Flowers by the Sea*, one of the most recent paintings in the show, and certainly one of the best, gathers the essence of the work of his recent years. Its tranquil vivacity and its charm seem to arise from the easy harmony

of demand and supply, and from an implicit trust in his own feelings. Compared to earlier works, it is as if the profusion of nature were no longer the key to its vitality, but vitality itself were taken as primary, as being exemplified by the mere fact of natural form—which is to say that Pierce has acknowledged the exuberance to be his own. (Midtown, Mar. 1-26.)—G.D.

**Jerome Burns:** If one doesn't put the full weight of categorical law upon it, one is able to feel that modern painting has tended to free drawing from the subsidiary role of the study or the cartoon for a larger painting which it once had. In his exhibition of drawings in various media, Jerome Burns has obviously approached drawing with a respect for it as an expressive medium in its own right. The selection of drawings is handsomely varied and marked by sensitivity and a striking authority. There are earlier, somewhat Picassoesque drawings in ink, black masses with scratched white definitions contrasted against areas of white, and a series of very precisely detailed, entirely linear pen sketches. There is also an occasional still life notable for its whimsical offhand freedom of line. Personally, I find the latest pencil sketches—landscapes of backyards, views of North Wales, one or two studies of his wife—the finest works in the exhibition. In these, vigorous hatched and shaded areas draw out of the surrounding blank spaces a clump of trees, or a series of brilliant staccato pencil strokes sets up a field of grass behind which rises a cluster of buildings. As works they testify to a fine compositional sense and a hand firmly in control of its means as well as its inclinations toward the sensitive investigation of the subjects it turns to. (Hicks Street Gallery, Feb. 14-Mar. 5.)—J.R.M.

**Robert Engman:** "Pure" sculpture or painting is centered in the limited area of experience in which entities or schemes implied in nature are logically continued and made evident. The curves and surfaces of spherical geometry are initially conceptual; their existence depends on their formulation, yet also on their external status. Engman's sculpture begins here. He considers each to be a reality, not an abstraction. Most of the works proceed moderately, as sculpture, beyond their origins. Two or three achieve sufficient particularity, transmuting their basis while maintaining its integrity. Engman defines his method as "an action imposed on a material under specific limitations, so that the transposed configuration still relates to the initial circumstance." This is admirably evident in *No. 7*, which is ostensibly a two-sided figure (the two sides being those of the original square of sheet aluminum), but which is essentially a single surface, painted white, formed by removing two adjacent small ellipses, cutting the remaining bridge between the holes, and rejoining it so as to involute the plate. The consequent configuration is subtle, assuming a controlled organic aspect, and intriguing as its means is understood. Two of the least satisfactory works are nearly flamboyant; the original corners are extended to acute angles. *No. 5*, a small, obliquely gyroscopic construction, illustrates the visual simplicity and complexity, intellectual simplicity, and further possibilities of the majority. (Stable, Feb. 23-Mar. 12.)—D.J.

**Nassos Daphnis:** The mounting opposition to Abstract Expressionism has a purely counterrevolutionary character to the extent that it seeks to exchange one extreme for another. This is particularly true where geometric art is leading the insurrection. It is perfectly clear in work like Daphnis' that the issue is one of symbolic qualities rather than, say, a reacquaintance with recognizable content which is approaching on the other flank. Daphnis lays on stripes of color side by side in purely vertical and horizontal arrangements. The bands vary in width from very nar-

row to more than a foot. The colors are primaries or gradations of the same, and application is by paint roller following finished sketches, a number of which are shown. The tonal strengths are effected by the changing proportions. Also themes are reversed. A black-white striping becomes a white-black one, necessitating the shift of weights from left to right or from top to bottom. The largest canvas is seven feet high and fifteen feet wide. The proportions suggest it is a red canvas divided unequally by a white strip. Color comes in twos (including white on white), but a third is occasionally added, and sometimes several thin stripes are closely paralleled in what amounts to a textural change. These variations do not affect the central issue, which is less one of space determination than of the way the space is geared to the pure expressive significance of horizontality or verticality. These are gestural positions which have flattened Mondrian's right angle on impact, and in this respect Daphnis' clarity is more apparent than real. (Castelli, Mar. 8-26.)—S.T.

**Elie Lascaux:** At seventy-one, and after thirty-seven years, this well-known French painter shows for the second time in New York. His quasi-Cubist paintings are precisely fantastic. Their intensely personal evocations of light alter a mode to suit the artist's meanings. Deep or broad views of Parisian buildings and French landscapes are built up Cubistically to a certain point. Then a white light takes over, creating its own floating shape, moving backward and forward, over the solid structures, and in a sense dematerializing them. The delicate Cubist-like structures, set in a natural land-horizon-sky space, are seen as the leitmotif; they flicker and shift, while the light that plays over and under them is the continuous basic theme. (Schoeneman, Mar. 15-31.)—A.V.

**Esteban Vicente:** The immediate impact of these paintings derives from their striking color—the range of browns, tans, whites and off-whites and a dry, cool yellow that is susceptible to a variety of modulations and changing weights within a single painting. The smaller canvases are tighter, more definite in their formal units, a clustering of blunt, torn, collage-like shapes. The large canvases are freer, more cloudlike, perhaps. Individual passages or formal elements sustain, in their course, a variety of color modulations. The brilliant yellow section in *P*, for example, that extends across the canvas and upward modulates into a more earthy sienna and then an orangey yellow, while the soft beige shadings at the bottom deepen into a pinkish tan and slightly purple tones. Although the color would seem to indicate spatial relationships—the hard blue areas retreating behind the yellow—Vicente manages to keep the surface of the painting intact, creating less a sense of movement in depth, say, than a continuous and gentle movement along the surface plane. While the brushwork is not vehemently expressive, it is nevertheless vigorous at all times, with a suggestion of gracefulness and suavity, proceeding often with slightly angled strokes and shadings of color that leave soft, ragged edges to its formal elements, create cloudlike openings in which other colors expand and grow resonant. The references to clouds, however, are merely a descriptive convenience, intended to convey a certain kind of movement and progression. The paintings themselves have no such literal interpretations. (Emmerich, Feb. 29-Mar. 26.)—J.R.M.

**Mathias Goeritz:** The huge photograph of Goeritz's *Towers of the Satellite City* is one of the important items in this exhibition, for it indicates the real meaning, in terms of destination and purpose, of the sculpture which makes up half of the show. The *Towers* are a group of five enormous monoliths which rear up on the highway just north of Mexico City, and with one

powerful gesture gather in the surrounding bleakness. It is a gesture that is both archaic and modern, combining elements of the menhir and the skyscraper. These towers will stand eventually in the center of a city—satellite to Mexico City—the plans of which are being executed by Luis Barragán. And their relation to this show is quite apparent, for the works on display are not museum or gallery pieces, but are severely monumental public works. They are aptly described in the catalogue as "emotional architecture," i.e., they are far more architectural and severe than sculpture, but far more sculptural than architecture. Made of sheet metal over wood frames, in the form of three- and four-sided, truncated pyramids, they stand in groups of two and three, in some cases the vertical members balanced on the horizontal. The largest of them stands nine feet—and in these nine feet generates more sheer mass, more presence, than one would suppose possible in a vertical structure only an arm's length taller than one's self. The sheets of tin and iron are laid on irregularly and are painted and mottled and rusted—which aside from being sternly handsome is an interesting note, for it takes back from collage (and certain painting) the weathered texture of outdoor structures and puts it outdoors again. As one would suppose, Goeritz is first-rate at collage. The examples in this exhibition, because of the use of tacks, nails and spikes, are called *clouage*. But in their effect they are far more like paintings than the name implies. All are called *Messages* and are accompanied by texts from the Bible. (Carstairs, Mar. 1-26.)—G.D.

**Pat Adams:** The circular imagery which characterized the artist's previous water colors has given way in this latest exhibition to looser, more open and atmospheric effects; the flak-like explosions in sandy browns of *Brimless Truce*, or the rise and fall of feathery reds and yellows in *Immaculate*. The odd and earthy range of colors—grays, blacks, browns—supplemented with dulled oranges, lavenders or yellows, manage to create an intensity that one associates with Redon, where strange, bristling shapes and objects seem to be glowing with some inner secret. The light that they give off is almost like the colors of flowers, a functional attraction. But Miss Adams' ability to translate imaginative ideas and states of feeling into a very personal imagery—in *Pleasure, Within the Wind and Walk*, for example—is more directly related to Klee, although there are no stylistic references for the allusion. This is work on an intimate scale, devoted, one takes it, to the discovery of small mysteries and their larger consequences, the revelations that follow from simple events and situations. It has much in common, one feels, with Proust's dipping the madeleine into his cup of tea. (Zabriskie, Feb. 29-Mar. 19.)—J.R.M.

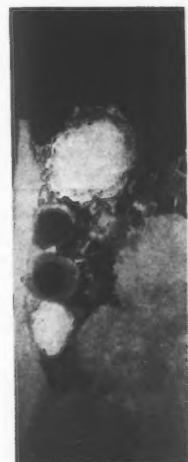
**Jasper Johns:** A curious polarity and alliance of the materiality of objects and what is usually classed as the more essential qualities of paint and color are implicit in each of Johns' paintings. The dichotomy has to be regarded as somewhat arbitrary, if approximately useful, because the intrinsic expression of the shrill, hot color, often in clusters of rough strokes, which always have something abbreviated and clipped to them, is very much the same as that of an object's surface, that is, of the stenciled letters, attached elements, or inset rectangles; "congruency" is a relevant description: *Thermometer* has one bisecting it with the number gauge running up either side as part of the abstract surface. *Device Circle* is modeled in a fragmented way to appear incised, or to give the impression of a shallow relief, with an actual strip of colored wood as the compass arm apparently responsible for the central circle. All of the paintings are interesting, but *False Start* is especially so. Stenciled names of the various colors, seldom in their own, replace the attached



Elie Lascaux, *The Three Towers*; at Schoeneman Gallery.



Esteban Vicente, *P*, 1959; at Emmerich Gallery.



Pat Adams, *From a Pleasure House* at Zabriskie Gallery.



Mathias Goeritz, *Message*; at Carstairs Gallery.





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## IN THE GALLERIES

objects, and penetrate and shape, since the color is opposed, the clusters of harsh, high-keyed blue, red and orange, which, with the words, are exchangeable in space, and so maintain the explicit, thin depth with considerable variation. The words introduce an abrupt formality and actuality (as they are as they would be on a box) into the amorphous Expressionist brushwork. Johns is precise, inventive, authentic, and important. (Castelli, Feb. 15-Mar. 5.)—D.J.

**The Inheritance of Hieronymus Bosch:** One is tempted to classify all of the painters assembled in this exhibition as generally of Surreal persuasions, but the variety of the artists involved—Landuyt, Magritte, Ensor, Max Ernst, Bacon, Leonora Carrington, Tchelitchev, Dubuffet—and the paintings selected make one aware that Surrealism is not so loose a category as to include every artist whose vision takes a distinctly bizarre, fantastic or original turn. Bacon's portraits, one a study for his now famous *Cardinal*, have their particular horror, the heads dissolving into something like ectoplasm, but their effect seems more fantastic than Surreal. One notices, too, that the initial horror of the image has its brief effectiveness but the picture itself is not distinguished by any real concern for the painting as such—the paint seems a medium, merely, for the exposition of his idea. This is true perhaps, in some respects, of Ensor. There is little compositional artfulness in *The Infamous Vivisectors*; the figures are put forward in the simplest way, and the head of the artist is placed rather crudely in the upper corner of the picture. And there is little that is ingratiating in the paint or the slight effects of color. It is almost as if the urgency of the artist's feelings had to cut through any of the conventional niceties of construction or the felicities of brushwork. Ensor, in effect, makes one aware of just how much other painters employ a more polished approach out of preference or necessity—the tastefulness, say, of Seligmann's mannequin-like figures in Baroque draperies, or the *trompe-l'oeil* finish of Magritte's *Les Valeurs Personnelles*. In the latter painting, the two distinct scales of the objects—the life-size comb, glass, match and shaving brush disposed about a miniature-size room—are plausibly carried off by a finish that effects the irreality of the painting. An early Tchelitchev, *The Madhouse*, though a bit distorted in its figures, seems now more pathetically real than fantastic, and a late Max Ernst, *Fillette et Poupée Rose*, is almost pretty, not Surreal. (Landry, Feb. 23-Mar. 12.)—J.R.M.

**Joanne Gedney:** The abstractions of this show are well done—are much better, as paintings, than a great deal of work that is more original or idiosyncratic—and the fact remains that this is apprentice work and is earnestly (and rightly) imitative. The same can be said of almost all the younger abstractionists in the city: they are drawing upon one or two strong styles, notably De Kooning's. There is no question about the validity of the style, or about the advisability of young painters working in the style, but there is a question—and some confusion—about the part of a man's work that is appropriable as a genre and the part that is personal vision. It seems likely that a certain portion of De Kooning's personal vision—because its own internal structure is coherent and fertile—has been misappropriated and dealt with as if it were a genre. This is not to say that the artists are mistaken in trying to assimilate what is most vital, but it is to say that the galleries are mistaken if they think they are showing anything but the work of a school. As for criticism, the only sensible kind would be one that followed very closely each painter's personal development—and this is not properly a public criticism until the development reaches a certain maturity. Descriptively, it may be said of Miss Gedney's work that it is serious and promising

and that it is concerned especially with two aspects of space, one being the flow which accompanies motion, the other the quiescence which fills a vista. (March Gallery, Feb. 19-Mar. 10.)—G.D.

**Gottfried Honegger:** In one's first glance at these paintings, the second glance, the third glance—one sees only that everything is red and almost everything is square. The red is held usually to two shades in any given work; the squares are varied only in size and position and by being turned on end to become diamonds. One's fourth look is like the first: everything was given at once. But it was given with such exactness of quantity that one's immediate apprehension of the whole has become the total content of each painting, and they are like totems, or adjuncts of a religious ritual—contrived to empty the mind of the observer and structure an ideal peace. The interesting question is how they hold the eye without at the same time stimulating it. It must be said first that they hold it by satisfaction. The colors are rich and soft, brushed to a fibrous, impersonal density. The varnish does not so much shine as glow, and the whole effect—like dyed leather lightly oiled—is one of ultimate finish. The disposition of the numerous squares is equally impersonal and is stated with complete immediacy both by the geometry and the simplicity of their relations. Many of the squares are raised like bas-relief, an assertion so sheerly physical that it doubtlessly accounts for much of the fully determined, non-expressive quality of the work. The ascetic romanticism of these paintings is not, in its essence, geometric though Honegger clearly derives from the geometric tradition. (Martha Jackson, Feb. 27-Mar. 19.)—G.D.

**Léger, Picasso:** Nowhere in modern art—outside the most doctrinaire Social Realism—is the age of the common man reflected so openly as in the late works of Léger, who died in 1955. His was a style synthesized from Cubism and informed by a social ideal. But despite its proletarian vigor, his was an autocratic art. Its flat forms, boldly outlined in black and brightly colored in the primaries, were secular symbols of something higher than the individual: community. Shown here is a set of handsome lithograph reproductions executed by Mourlot of Paris from a series of water colors produced by Léger a few years before his death. *La Ville* is a fairly casual record of the scenes and activities of a big city and its citizens. The scansion of the forms of lovers, fruit stands, a beach scene, a woman singing universalizes them in strongly contrasting designs, but the compositions are about as routine as the lives depicted. There is thus more of the living moment in them than was usual for Léger. At another, much more sophisticated extreme are several lithographs by Picasso. More and more his works seem laced with irony. From a Synthetic Cubist composition, part figure, part instrument, to a family scene in the schematic shorthand that he seems to have settled on, the vitality of his improvisational ability overcomes the visual thinness of his images. (Saidenberg, Jan. 12-Feb. 3.)—S.T.

**David Budd:** The large oils of this show, all recent, appear to be a series of variations upon one theme, or the working out of a single idea. Each canvas is divided into four quarters, and in each quarter a large rectangle of one bright color floats against the solid background which is common to them all. "Floats against" because the edges of the rectangles are blended and made a little fuzzy so as to prevent the simple abutment of the two colors. There is a minimum of drip, a great deal of spatter and a certain animation of impasto. The only change from one painting to the next is that the color of the background varies and the bright rectangles appear in different quadrants. Unavoidably one thinks of Matisse's prescription: start with a patch of red and then try



to work so that you end up with something not less exciting than what you started with. But in the present work the *idea* is so much in evidence that the physicality is much diminished. These paintings are a radical departure from those of Budd's previous show, which were open-form, irregular and organic-looking. The two styles are related, however, by the ideation and the simplicity of means. (Section 11, Mar. 1-19.)—G.D.

**Bruce Connor:** If there's a skeleton in your family closet, don't throw it away. Some day it may be art. Connor's two- and three-dimensional collages seem to let everyone in on his secret, but either it is a secret dressed up in eroticism or it is eroticism dressed in secrecy. Whatever it is, it gets all mixed up in a rather lascivious display of discarded nylons, garter belts, a doll tucked in rags stuffed in an old frame, beads slung about objects, a suspended cache draped in black and ominously pointless, and then some few straightforward things made up of dainties that take the place of the sampler in the cult of the ugly. But hardest to take is the arrogance of it all. As the backwoods preacher said to a penitent, "Son, you ain't confessin'—youse braggin'!" (Alan, Jan. 18-Feb. 6.)—S.T.

**William Creston:** These paintings are groping toward that area of Expressionism cleared and inhabited by Still and others who have come under his influence. "Groping toward," because they are so uneven in quality that it is apparent Creston does not yet see the way; isn't quite sure of either the problems or the possibilities. But he is what might be called a young painter (twenty-eight), and there is hope that rigor will increase with awareness. Now we see fair-sized canvases and small ones heavily painted with dark shapes that tend to be rectangular, having a sense of interior smoothness that expires in ragged, broken-off edges. These shapes move monolithically or slide through each other against a ground whose position is not defined—it is either very deep or locked and moving together with the shapes themselves. Some of the apparent movement may be fortuitous, the effect of troweling paint, or of painting directly into wet paint. But the colors have a serious look (not only somber), and it is this aspect of the paintings as much as anything that provides hope for this particular future. The exception to this is a large black and white canvas, in which the artist cannot cope with either the demands of the chosen palette or of the extended size of the canvas. (Michel Warren, Feb. 24-Mar. 19.)—A.V.

**Harold Paris:** After an extended stay in Europe which originated with a Guggenheim grant in 1954, Paris has returned with sculptures in bronze, ceramic, babbitt and silver, plus a superb graphic series entitled *Hosannah*. To this writer, the prints overshadow the show completely. The larger bronzes resemble unusually dramatic pieces of driftwood and root formations despite a figurative base and are left to equivocate between nature and art. They satisfy an appetite for fantastic shapes and malignant surfaces. The tiny "Figures from a Silver World" are similar but polished presences, yet they assume a sculptural identity in the distance of the difference between their scale and man's. The "Chapel Reliefs" treat religious themes in a disembodied style. Paris' graphic sensibility responds naturally to their shallow space, and significantly there is a negative quality to the images. The lithographs, etchings and aquatints of *Hosannah* represent Paris' "reflection on the Mystic Forces that have moved us." Here he has achieved a true fantastic art in which the influence of Redon particularly, and Rouault, Picasso, Ensor and possibly Doré, can be discounted in the perspective of the total achievement. I can recall no work of a young print maker comparable to it. The thirty prints

of the complete set took some six years to complete. The emphasis in this show is in the wrong place. (Stuttman, Feb. 9-Mar. 30.)—S.T.

**Jo Warner, Bart Perry, Ross Coates:** Both Miss Warner and Mr. Coates are partisans of the familiar Abstract Expression compositional form of a large canvas divided by various wedge-shaped parts. Beyond this superficial likeness, however, their approach is different. Miss Warner uses heavy layers of paint with thick ribbons of color running over the surface. The entire canvas is dense with pigment, although smoothly surfaced areas are contrasted with other areas of roughly bunched paint. Coates's paintings, on the other hand, are allowed to breathe. His work is the more successful of the two. His colors are clear, and by varying the number of strokes and amount of paint on his brush in different parts of his canvas, and exploiting varied depths and hue saturation, he creates a total image which is not static but rather fluid. The viewer is able to see various combinations and recombinations of forms within each painting. Perry, the third painter here, shows water colors and collages as well as oils. He is experimenting with the effects of black and white. In collages, these two contrasts are sharply and successfully defined; in the other two media black is spattered and swims on the white ground. (Camino, Mar. 11-31.)—B.B.

**Gothic Tapestry:** The panels designed by the Late Gothic artists of the fifteenth century and woven in Flanders are justly the most celebrated of all tapestries: combining as they do an excellent sense of two-dimensional design with a good feeling for narrative, they show this art form at the high point of its development. The work here displayed, one of the outstanding examples of this type of tapestry, was woven at Tournai around 1480, and depicts an episode from ancient history, the surrender of Rome to Brennus, British King of Gaul. As was the custom also in painting, the scene is shown as if taking place in a contemporary setting, with the Flemish people enacting the parts of the drama. Three episodes from the story are shown simultaneously, the entry of Brennus into Rome, the capitulation of the Roman rulers, and the distribution of the ransom to the Gauls. The execution as well as the preservation of this work is excellent, showing the superb craftsmanship of the weavers. (Duveen, Feb. 1-Mar. 15.)—H.M.

**Jane Freilicher:** In this exhibition Miss Freilicher, one of the best and best-known young New York painters, presents a new series of paintings which are the result of perfecting a *fine* technique. All the lessons have been learned; through her exacting nature studies and precision of drawing and brushwork she is able now to expand her images and technique to larger canvases and looser abstract themes. The spirit of nature and its inspiration are still present. Paintings such as *Near the Sea* and *Watermill* have the freshness and purity of cool, early morning light. Her colors—even the dominant white of *Near the Sea*—seem to be those observed in the sootless country, not from the paint-maker's chart. Form is entirely composed by color, and, as are the other elements of Miss Freilicher's painting, it is free but exact. Miss Freilicher is one of the few painters around that one would like to encourage to painting even larger canvases and to "let go" even more. (De Nagy, Feb. 26-Mar. 17.)—B.B.

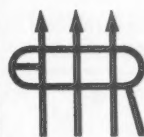
**Kenneth Campbell:** Of the eighteen pieces in this sculpture exhibition four are of wood and the rest of stone. The wooden pieces are earlier works, and if one compares the twisted vertical evolution of such pieces as *Maia* with the big, simple forms of the stone work, one sees immediately that Campbell's direction is toward simplification and a Brancusi-like totality of image.

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## IN THE GALLERIES

Many of the works are of mixed materials. In *Stone Seated* the top, or balanced part, is a large fieldstone, its rotund fullness given the simplest articulation by one central crease. It rests upon a shaft of chiseled limestone, the planes and texture of which continue and amplify the harmonies of the top. Several of the pieces of the show have this bipartite nature and seem to explore the variety with which two parts, equally assertive, may combine to form one whole. In *Egghead* the whole contains a violent contrast: the shaft upon which the fieldstone rests is of white Georgia marble and takes its form from the process of cleavage, showing two irregular faces and retaining the marks of the drill and wedges. (Camino, Feb. 19-Mar. 10.)—G.D.

**Alwyn Lazansky:** In his second New York exhibition, this young painter shows a series of pictures in two modes: one black and white, and the second of bright primary hues. His black and white paintings are extremely lively in formal structure, loops of the contrasting colors overlapping and whirling through the picture space in a series of mazes. Lazansky holds these oval motifs in the long oblong canvases he chooses for these pictures. The effect is a compressed and tightly organized formal structure. On the other hand, most of his colored paintings are composed of smallish off-rectangular shapes floating in square canvases. Here the shapes only gently nudge each other—more free in their space. But these pictures also are strictly organized, and the shapes are balanced on their axis. Lazansky's sense of color is the most remarkable factor in his paintings. (In view of this it is interesting to wonder why he so often chooses to work in black and white.) He seems to have *invented* deep pinks and a variety of purplish blues which seem even more unique and more beautiful when he contrasts them with pure red and blue. (Contemporary Arts, Feb. 22-Mar. 11.)—B.B.

**Will Barnett:** This exhibition falls into two parts, not according to media (both water colors and graphics are shown), but according to style, for about half of the exhibition is retrospective: lithographs, etchings and woodcuts dating back to the early thirties. Many of these latter are in a Social Realist genre, though even then Barnett's debt to Cubism was apparent. Comparing these to more recent production, one sees—as always—that it was the artist's handling of the material that was essential: the characteristic animation of the earlier work has become the subject of the later. Too, Barnett's imagination is gentler, wittier and more lyrical than the program of Social Realism allowed for. Of the recent work the water colors are most striking. They are all quite small, and are painted in strong, opaque colors. The fact that many of them are painted on envelopes and greeting cards gives a touch of wit borrowed from collage, though Barnett does not so much exploit this fact as allow it to filter very subtly into the dynamics. The format is abstract: a welter of clean-cut little shapes organized on the framework and in the shallow space of Cubism. There is great variety and animation, so much, in fact, that the abstract shapes occasionally erupt into letters, with much the effect of prose gathering into poetry. The recent lithographs are simpler and more schematized than the water colors. *The Figure*, in its minimal relation to the human body (it is vertical, is in parts, has tiny "legs"), shows how Barnett, like Klee, arrives at a witty and touching simile by converting real things into signs and then adapting the signs as abstract properties. The exhibition is running concurrently with a show of oils at the Bertha Schaefer Gallery. (Deitsch, Feb. 9-27.)—G.D.

**Karl Zerbe:** The record of Zerbe's influential use of encaustic, then polymer tempera and now acrylic resin is cited merely to emphasize how he has

participated with his media to ease his Expressionism, which goes back to the Germany of the twenties, into the abstract fold. Zerbe's clowns of the late forties, for instance, painted in encaustic, were certainly much less the agents of surface exposition than the recent *Actor*, whose bulk is distributed in ribbons of blue interspersed throughout with orange high lights. It is a composition where the disintegration of form leads to a Baroque play of movements which do not, however, restore a continuum of space to the paintings. Texturally, Zerbe's use of encaustic pointed the way to this development, and now drips and splatters are introduced in concert with floating organic shapes to create a uniform surface. Impressions of the Arctic, which Zerbe visited in 1958, nonetheless vary from tight to loose construction, from packed surfaces of fitted shapes confronting the plane in more familiar Expressionistic color contrasts to the sheer textural lyricism of a work like *Golden Tundra*, which resembles one of Dubuffet's *textuologies*. His is, in a way, a divided style, for it retains a center of interest in a style that relies on greater dispersion for its striking power. (Nordness, Jan. 26-Feb. 13.)—S.T.

**Alfred Russell:** This is Russell's first one-man show of abstractions in about ten years—an interval (if that's the right word) which saw a lot of figure work and a devotion, so it appears, to Picasso, Poussin and possibly Van der Goes. The present abstractions show a lot of experiment and reaching in new directions, though the large *The Wrath of Achilles* has an obvious relation to the abstractions he did in the late forties. It is a vivid, centrifugally dispersed movement of fragmented planes and straight lines. The explosive energies are anchored and guided, as it were, by a scaffolding which consists of a great cross, dividing the canvas into four areas. The center-line is a vertical flow of color, much of it squeezed directly from the tube. Several of the smaller canvases are constructed in a similar manner, but the show is dominated by a group of paintings which seem to be an outgrowth of this approach. In these the horizontal arm of the cross has vanished, and the heavy vertical flow of color down the center is emphasized by appearing on a soft ground of blended vertical bands painted level in subdued colors. Of these *The Column* seems most successful. (White, Feb. 23-Mar. 12.)—G.D.

**Louis Valtat:** There is certainly much to be said for these early paintings of Valtat—rather, here are decided gifts and, if not energy, at least a *will* to energy—but the particular failure (a pervasive failure) is such that his gifts are paralyzed just short of fulfillment. He was associated with both the Impressionists and the Fauves, and certainly he takes his chief characteristics from both; yet in the execution of each canvas it is as if he were helplessly imposing their techniques upon an image as flat as a photograph. The daubs and strokes of color do not *build* the structure, say of a woman or of the waves; rather they lie on top of it and appear to be extensions, not of the appearance of the real, but of the conventional shadings and gradings of the Salon art of the turn of the century. And just as he misses the relation of the brush stroke to the actual rotundities, he misses the relation—which supported the Fauves—of color intensity to quantity. The effect is disquieting, precisely because he came so close to being a good painter. (Fine Arts Associates, Feb. 6-27.)—G.D.

**Vera Klement:** A comparison of Miss Klement's woodcuts, which show an individual talent, and her Abstract Expressionist paintings, which find only the common denominator in the style, reveals merely an apparent similarity of motifs: the resistance of the woodcut and the permissiveness of the brush are reflected in fundamentally different



adjustments to the energy that is available. Miss Klement's woodcuts are large to the point of matching proportionally the scale of painting. When she isn't rephrasing German Expressionism in such works as *Woman at Tea*, which, like several fine drawings, have taken their measure from Kokoschka, Miss Klement creates authentic graphic excitement with circular motifs, sensual linear excisions and checkerboard patterns which legitimately advance symbolism toward spatial metaphors. Her paintings, however, provide too much temptation to fill in easily what in her woodcuts she must unalterably make a decision about *a priori*. Her swirling color forms and crunching, scumbled passages parasitically exhaust the energy which provides the tension of her graphics, and she loses the sense of the whole. (Roko, Feb. 1-24.)—S.T.

**Peter Voulkos:** Though widely exhibited elsewhere (including the Brussels World's Fair and the First Paris Biennale), Voulkos is only now having his first important showing of sculpture and painting in New York. There are six pieces of sculpture on view, all of fired clay, three of them monumental in their massiness, and three, though large, more intimate in stance and much lighter in the proliferation of detail. All are of a prevailing charcoal hue, varied by high glazes in dark colors and by unglazed patches the color of sand. The larger pieces do not so much suggest the clefts and rocky faces of a mountain as the entire mountain itself, and certainly one of the distinguishing virtues of this work is its combination of mass and variety. The smaller works, *Tientos*, *Sevillanos* and *Tarantas*, assimilate the sinuous, dramatic quality of Lipchitz to an imagery that seems to relate more to nature than to the human. The big paintings are equally abstract; they are made of oil, vinyl, lacquer and sand (on canvas), and their velvety surface absorbs the light and makes the colors both less and more physical than they ordinarily appear—less in that they seem to detach from the material and hover in the air; and more because they are so palpable and deep. (Museum of Modern Art, Feb. 1-Mar. 13.)—G.D.

**Lily Gross:** These are essentially realistic paintings. Most of the subjects are exotic types—and there is a touch of the picturesque, disguised somewhat by miscellaneous Cubist formalities. In Caribbean figure groups, the color is suitably high-keyed: pinks, chrome yellows, whites and bright blues. Unanchored planes of bright, light color set off heads or bodies, in which a flattened realism is maintained. It is apparent that a present difficulty is what to do about depth, and that the floating color around the realistic figures and their own shallow modeling are evasions of this problem. One work, a mandolin-playing figure, faces it, though crudely: the figure stands at a corner, and the receding lines of the building behind the tall figure place it. But in the *Landscape*, which exhibits much that is handsome in naturalistic color and form, the two central trees are left flat and floating through a forest that is otherwise firmly planted in receding planes. (Bodley, Mar. 7-19.)—A.V.

**Hal Frater:** This large exhibition covers the work of the last six years and shows a good deal of fruitful experiment. The human image is central. Sometimes, as in *The Performer*, the portrait is given in detail and in the round, with a subdued nimbus—as of warm light falling upon cotton—seeming to emanate from the skin. Again, in some of the smaller portraits, like *The Elder*, this emanation becomes a flow of substance between the image and the ground; the impasto in this case is richer, and the accent shifts from the image itself to the handling. Frater's interest in light can be seen in still another technique, exemplified by the large *The Pear-Shaped Tone*,

which is reminiscent of the work of Jack Levine, both for its ambiguous irony and for the dexterity with which the high lights are mustered into double service, giving on the one hand the play of light over the curved and lumpy surface of the human body, and on the other hand setting up an artificial counterpoint which, taken as a whole, has little relation to what might occur in reality. In *The Chalice* these effects are used to produce a mystic atmosphere suitable to the symbolism of the religious elder holding a chalice. (G Gallery, Feb. 23-Mar. 12.)—G.D.

**Guy Bardone:** A young painter, a student of Brianchon's, Bardone is, in accompanying accolades, considered by Georges Besson and Claude Roger-Marx to be an invaluable continuation of the central French tradition, that of Bonnard, Vuillard, Roussel and Denis. A painting by Bonnard, whose work his most resembles, placed among the ones in this show, more abruptly display the fallacy of the tradition's continued life. These paintings do not have comparable or sufficient density and integration of surface, much less the ramified novelty of invention. They exhibit all the insuperable difficulties of rearranging external devices, as well as the dislocating stress of a few personal predilections. Earlier works are more mellow, adept, and conventional; the recent ones are somewhat angular and have rigid, inset areas as the basic forms—a personal proclivity, but one which adds an actual awkwardness to the aesthetic version. Nevertheless Bardone is fairly knowledgeable, and astute compositions, such as *Le Village Blanc (Ibiza)*, in which everything descends from the top, an intense sky, and runs diagonally to an edge, lead to the consideration that he may escape and solve his own problems. (Findlay, Mar. 4-26.)—D.J.

**Fritz Winter:** In the large abstractions of this show, all painted since 1953, Winter works variations in figure-ground relations and sets free-floating patches of color into contrapuntal motions in space. The intent seems reminiscent of Miró's, though the appearance is quite different. Most interesting are the works in which the white ground, because of the lively play of the impasto, comes forward through the patches of color and alternates with them as figure—an effect especially successful in *The Late Fields* and *Ausklingend*. The large, darkly vital *Spring* shows an interesting variation of this. Here the drifting color patches are made to expand, have become thin and gauzy and are bleeding away at the edges so that the white ground is all but covered. An open tracery of black lines travels across this veil, creating the thinnest of spaces, and on the outermost skin, like a mound of unmelted snow, there is a small cluster of white strokes. The feeling is one of grave sprightliness and sober celebration of the vernal awakening. (Kleemann, Feb. 29-Mar. 26.)—G.D.

**Martin Pajack:** As an Expressionist, Pajack goes right down the line with Van Gogh. He paints sun-struck skies (over a modern city), peasant types (street workers at night) and writhing flower pieces. He even paints a canal with bridge, but it comes out as a railroad track passing beneath an overpass. But Pajack is much less the sensory artist, and more conceptual, than he appears. He piles the paint on brutally, but his rhythms are angular. He is influenced by abstraction enough to be inhibited from blending with his subjects. Thus the turmoil of his surfaces does not go deep nor does it truly transform, if only because he is sidetracked by the act of release implicit in the paint. (St. Etienne, Feb. 29-Mar. 26.)—S.T.

**Allesandra Cavo:** Emotional vividness and structural solidity are the hallmarks of these paintings which introduce an accomplished Italian artist to the United States. Miss Cavo is an Expressionist

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### IN THE GALLERIES

whose simplified figurative elements are a foil for her richly scumbled palette that reveals an indebtedness to Rouault. Her forms are monuments of durability; her figures are sometimes monuments for color, which is, however, intensified by the plain formations of buildings, landscapes and figures which glow with compressed force while they function as abutments on the void or clearing she introduces into the center of many of her paintings. Her impastos heed the admonition of her structural restraint with its sensitivity to space and design, and the vibrating color, finding every plane a limit, escapes through its transcendental glow. (Chase, Feb. 1-13.)—S.T.

**Erol (Akyavash):** One is struck by the conservatism element in the work of this young Turkish painter who now lives in the United States. His large abstractions are eclectic and international, but there is a pervasive sense of working from tradition and of pushing through it instead of leaping over—which is to say that one sees the kind of painterly conflict that is fruitful rather than stifling. Erol's tendency toward rococo form, for instance, is countered by an attraction to the ascetic, just as his feel for poetic abundance is qualified by an astringency which prefers the luminous to the rich. All this can be seen in his handling of forms derived from Turkish script. These forms appear in a number of transformations, sometimes as a kind of abstract writing reminiscent of Tobey's, again as clusters of almost sculptural shapes which relate to the script only in characteristic bends and flourishes. They are placed against amorphous patches of pale colors which are so well articulated, both in the impasto and in the balance of big areas, that the ground itself comes forward with a liveliness equal to that of the figures. (Angeleski, Mar. 16-31.)—G.D.

**Gregorio Prestopino:** In these large ink drawings of trees and rocks Prestopino's compressed, haunted style undergoes considerable refinement. He has reduced landscape forms to a series of stylized signs, shapes and textures, the compositional variations of which verge on formula. But Prestopino wisely resists imposing more literary emotions than they can support—which would suppress their decorative character. He arranges dense, flat black slabs inspired by rocks, the gaunt, prickly shapes of trees and the textures of the landscape for an effect spatially resembling a Japanese rock garden in two dimensions. Transitional tones are excluded; the black figures stand against a pristine white ground which pushes the entire pattern into the frontal plane. Emotions are projected by the interplay of the denuded, aggressive forms of the trees and the passive forms of the rocks on a plane in which only the scale, changing naturalistically, suggests depth. Prestopino's characteristic intensity is still there. (Nordness, Feb. 16-Mar. 5.)—S.T.

**Elemer Polony:** This Hungarian painter, who now lives in the United States, came into prominence in 1958 when his large mosaic mural won first prize in a competition sponsored by La Guardia Houses. One example of his work in mosaic is included in the present show. It is abstract, and synthesizes elements of the arabesque with a Cubist understructure. The design is bold and strong and is nicely played off against the reticulation of the little mosaic squares. The rest of the show is made up of oils, gesso and pastels—and the relation of these to his murals can be seen in the minimal use of small detail and in the emphasis with which the central figures are brought forward. The large *Oracle*, oil on canvas, shows Polony's indebtedness to the portraits of women Picasso did in the forties. The figure of the woman, seated by a window, is adumbrated by conic and angular forms; the draperies are

formalized into sweeping lines, and the colors are cool, with grays, greens and blacks predominating. (Angeleski, Mar. 1-15.)—G.D.

**The Book of India:** This exhibition of recent acquisitions of the Spencer fund shows illuminated manuscripts from all periods and phases of India's cultural history. The oldest among them are the Buddhist prayers written on palm leaves at Nalanda during the twelfth century, while the most recent are the charming folk paintings of Hindu and Jain inspiration dating from the nineteenth century. Best represented is the Rajput School with numerous fine examples, the most outstanding of which is the Rasikapriya album dated 1634. Its pages show episodes from the life of Krishna, the divine cowherd, and his beloved Rada. They are painted in a gay, decorative style with flat yellows and reds, and a wonderful feeling for abstract design. Other examples illustrate the more sophisticated court art of the Moghul artists, whose work is closer to the Persian prototypes than to the native Indian tradition. (New York Public Library, Jan. 7-Mar. 31.)—H.M.

**Ann Steinbrocker:** The artist has attempted to maintain an accuracy of portraiture and at the same time to draw upon the free excitement of the nonobjective format. In good part she achieves the synthesis, though at some sacrifice of scale, for though the paintings are large there is a disparity between the assertive simplicity given by the pose of the subject and the actual complication of small detail. In *Woman and Child* and *Man and Child*, two of the best paintings of the show, Miss Steinbrocker achieves the portrait effect by keeping to essentials and by using significant distortion with constraint. Body proportions and faces and hands are rendered in good detail; the facial expression is given more sketchily, and all else is broken into more or less abstract patterns painted in quick, flat, unworked strokes. The colors are close to each other in value and on the whole are cool, yet the total effect is fresh and curiously bright. (G Gallery, Feb. 2-21.)—G.D.

**Rosalyn Drexler:** As a self-taught sculptress, Mrs. Drexler has preserved much of the playful instinct that goes with the making of mud pies and, at the same time, immediately linked it to the sophisticated freedom of modern art of which she seems to have been very much aware. Her work—ten years of it—moves through phases that are by turns sacred, careless, playful and pretentious. She delights in shapes. In a series of "Miniature Monuments" a cast-metal Medallion is a perfectly realized metaphor of precocious primitivism. She has polychromes in plaster vaguely reminiscent of folk art where, again, artlessness is conceived in the mold of sophisticated figuration. She incorporates discarded objects like an Indian club into her plaster pieces, and, in a dreadful instance, a sling chair becomes the armature for a kind of eternal Eve. Her work is quite bizarre, provoking in several instances genuine amusement at the way her innocence, however self-absorbed, takes the starch out of ideas that others take so seriously. (Reuben, Feb. 19-Mar. 10.)—S.T.

**Harold A. Laynor, Vincent J. Popolizio:** Both painters are associated with the Art Education department of the University of the State of New York, and both have participated in regional and national exhibitions. Laynor at his most interesting crowds his canvases with a combination of spiky and rounded shapes drawn with an even dark line that contains low-key but contrasting color. There are suggestions of objects—of roses or heads, bodies or rocks—but these suggestions are veiled, even in their ambiguity. The interest in these paintings is mainly in their structure—spaces opened on one expansive structure only to

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be filled in by disparate, isolated shapes. Vincent Popoizio is a more developed painter. He shows a number of small black-and-white paintings of waves, waterfalls and other such natural occurrences, in which he comprehends both their design and their expressive qualities. And he moves easily from these into an area of more complete Expressionist abstraction, in which the idea is a climate rather than a landscape. *Indian Summer* and *Summer* are outstanding in this mode. (Internationale, Mar. 2-15.)—A.V.

**Tom Vincent:** The protoplasmic translucency of Vincent's realism has its roots in the didactic values of artists as similar and diverse as Shahn, Levine, Bacon and Picasso. Vincent's ends, however, are largely aesthetic. His figures, which materialize, or for that matter dematerialize, according to an imposed degree of illumination, appear as images of some incipiently morbid human condition, but they are contradicted—as in the most recent *Levinas*—by an acute awareness of technique. Their terror is too neatly measured out, as in *The Oracle*, where the face and hands of a wizened old man seated on a bench contrast their substantiality with the unpainted blank given for the body. Less Baconish is *The Member of the Wedding* with a drably concrete groom and incandescent white bride. The *saltimbanque* types on horseback in *Moonlight Ride* permit his Neo-Classic sentiments to emerge relatively unscathed by such tricks, while confirming a youthful talent whose facility is more a danger to his development than his eclectic habits. (Nessler, Mar. 7-26.)—S.T.

**John Loftus:** "Fourteen Views of Lyme," the corporate title of this exhibition, are amiably Expressionistic and blandly economical in their description of winter fields, murrey and darkened-blue fencerows and copse. They have some of the cold, sullen resonance of winter as well as of any sonorous color at a minimum in gray, such as in the landscapes of Edwin Dickinson, whose similarity points up the rather evasive insubstantiality of these paintings. Dickinson also is circumspect about using abstract elements. Here the bare canvas, thin paint and general brevity are merely compromises, attempts to have things both ways, and only dilute the naturalism without achieving abstraction. The largest, thinnest areas are often unresolved. The configurations of the dark trees are usually the major structures, which, with the color, are responsible for the paintings' primary merit of a residual natural poetry. (Artists', Feb. 27-Mar. 17.)—D.J.

**Robert Maione:** These gently incisive landscapes are the work of a young painter who teaches in Vermont. They show the Vermont hills in winter, with a row of white farmhouses and barns, or a wide field being mown in late summer, or a corner of a farmyard in late afternoon sun. Their style is an older style, not informed for the most part by contemporary emphasis on structural abstraction and their technique is a refinement on that of nineteenth-century American practitioners of the genre. The paintings already look a little antique; for one caught up in the city and its suburbs, it is hard to believe in the existence of a contemporary agrarian America, especially presented in such a mellow light. In *Autumn Silhouette*, Maione reaches for the shape of the land more directly, and colors it more dramatically, with less harmonizing overtones. But this is a single exception. The rest of the paintings stay very close to appearances and to a softly poetic rendering of them. (Bodley, Feb. 29-Mar. 12.)—A. V.

**Joyce Treiman:** Despite some adept Expressionism there is an oppressive absence of conviction throughout this exhibit. Each painting is a collection, literally and without further implications, of

devices, often others'. Curiously, the course of the work—although in less time, from 1955 to the present—parallels Philip Guston's development. *The Human Fold-Flowering*, of 1955, is a standing figure, in Ben Shahn agony, with strips of paint, line and suddenly colored anatomy. *Sculpture V* is an asymmetrical clot of snaky strokes resembling a plant's root system or an octopus, black, red, gray and rose—Guston's color as well as brushwork. The crossing strokes are more open, but that is a fault, since excessive space is created between them and the whole is in inconclusive contrast with the simple ground. The separation of the strokes and even their considerable variation and richness produce the sense of a contrived collection. (Willard, Mar. 1-26.)—D.J.

**Louis Harris:** The portraits, still lifes and landscapes of this show, many of them painted in Mexico, are characterized both by gentleness and simplicity, and by a modest warmth which seems to inhere rather in the artist's gaze than in the objects themselves or the natural light. And this is precisely the use that Harris has made of Impressionism—reapplying to his own ends its originally objective relation to nature. This application produces a work that is intimate and homely, converting even the exotic features of Mexico into simple domestic facts. Harris was a member of *The Ten*, a group of painters who in the late thirties disavowed the mandates of "silo painting" and insisted upon the assimilation, in this country, of the European innovations. Other members of the group—Rothko, Gottlieb, Bolotowsky—have developed toward extreme abstraction, while some, like Harris himself, have retained a pictorial orientation and exemplify a conservationist rather than a dialectical development. (Hartert, Feb. 29-Mar. 26.)—G.D.

**Serge Charchoune:** In his first one-man exhibition in New York, Charchoune, a Russian-born painter who has lived in Paris since 1912, shows a series of oils which are his impressions of musical compositions. He was last shown in New York in 1958 as one of the candidates for the Guggenheim International Awards. As a young man, after leaving Moscow, Charchoune became part of the Cubist group, showing with them at the Salon des Indépendants of 1913. He was especially close to Metzinger and Le Fauconnier. Later he became involved with the Paris Dadaists. His current work, however, shows little influence of either of these painting movements. Most of these pictures are based—or so the artist claims—on Bach compositions. With zigzagging lines and expanding series of circles, he tries to record visually the effects of music. Like Bach's, Charchoune's work is disciplined, each element subordinate to the sum. (Iolas, Feb. 15-Mar. 5.)—B.B.

**Arbit Blatas:** This large exhibition of some thirty-five canvases covers several years of this veteran Parisian's work. In these pictures, Blatas again shows that he is a fine colorist and a virtuoso of the brush who is often able to achieve very pleasing effects. Using what is essentially a late Impressionist idiom, the artist, although a contemporary and friend of many of the great innovators of the Ecole de Paris, has remained largely unaffected by the experimental tendencies of the last fifty years. His scenes are those beloved by an earlier generation, views of Paris with the bridges across the Seine, the life of the boulevards, tables with flowers and fruits, as well as picturesque scenes from the life of the Jewish community of Morocco. (Hirschl and Adler, Mar. 8-26.)—H.M.

**Gary Woo, Kenzo Hanawa, Joe Overstreet:** Overstreet's big oil paintings are dominated by circles and large, plump curves into which the still-life objects and human figures dissolve indiscriminately. The format of Gary Woo's small oils and mixed-media paintings is prevailingly abstract, though with the kind of poetic imagination

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that keeps alive a shimmer of landscape and still life. The works are handsome and proficient, with no straining after effects. Hanawa's abstractions, which are handsomely austere rather than delicate, rely upon the simplest counterpoint of figure and ground. He sets single strokes and tiny clusters of color against fields of mottled white and gray which are animated only by the impasto. It is as if the little forms were traveling across the emptiness, or emerging from it. *Skylight A* is notable. (Galerie A, Jan. 18-Feb. 13.)—G.D.

**Umberto Mastroianni:** The winner of the international grand prize for sculpture at the Venice Biennale of 1958, Mastroianni shows for the first time in America. Essentially his is an attempt to give stress to mass in such a way that the space releases energy in proportion to the tensions that seem to force the mass to fold and extend in a particular way. This happens in rather obvious fashion, unfortunately, as largely angular forms, monumentally gathered in bronze treated to look like stone, are folded this way and that according to the stylized gestures of a given figurative base. The masses project ecstatically, but their compilation of rhythms ascertains no transcendent volume of space and form. A number of heads, cut into opposing volumes deeply gouged from the cranial mass, confirm the analytic and didactic temper of his stress and strain. His bas-reliefs and paintings are mercilessly chewed and scraped affairs. (Kleemann, Jan. 11-Feb. 20.)—S.T.

**Giovanni Bellini:** At a time when craftsmanship is belittled, and it is doubtful if some of the masterworks of contemporary painting will survive physically for even a generation or two, it is a pleasure to contemplate a work like Bellini's *Rest on the Flight into Egypt*. Although some five hundred years old, the luminous colors are as fresh as if they had just been painted. In the foreground, a beautifully modeled Mary holds the Christchild on her knee, and to her left, the lower part of his body cut off by a kind of wall, Joseph leans on his elbows, his head resting on his hand. The loveliest part of the panel is the landscape in the background, which shows all the lyrical beauty of the North Italian countryside, and is typical of the finest Venetian painting in this genre. (Duveen, Mar. 1-31.)—H.M.

**Dave Brisson:** Using a full palette, Brisson, who teaches in Auburn, Alabama, works out a system of flat blocking which he skillfully manipulates after the impetus of his energy, sometimes suggesting De Staël in landscape and still-life configurations that essay neither the early density nor later translucency of that artist. He has his Hofmannesque moments, which have a bright, almost metallic mood, and some are smoothly effective. He works spontaneously with rather taut planes that seek, however, largely a surface resolution on smallish canvases that emphasize their hastiness. (Pietrantonio, Mar. 16-31.)—S.T.

**Zao Wou-ki:** It has been suggested that Zao Wou-ki's latest paintings are cut from the same bolt of cloth as last year's work—which is the simple truth. If there is any difference it is partly in a more realized sense of scale and, inevitably, the color. He has added a richly polished cadmium red light to his repertoire of ground tones, which are usually dark. Its lacquered effect enhances the sense of a fusion of Eastern and Western attitudes. He has otherwise a single, repetitive image—a reticulated mass of fibrous textures clustered in infinitely receding space with the light breaking through from behind. It frequently suggests shrubbery in the moonlight or a swirling galaxy light years away in space, but is merely the filter for a kind of hybrid chiaroscuro which substitutes a seductive glow for the pictorial resolution that should be achieved in painterly terms. (Kootz, Jan. 26-Feb. 13.)—S.T.

**Herb Brown:** A number of these thickly and furiously painted canvases deal with love—neither sacred nor profane nor romantic nor married, but ritual love. One feels that the man and woman, exaggeratedly endowed as fetishes usually are (although these are palpable human types), have united merely to appease the gods. Thus, for all their charged demeanor and despite what seems like the anaphrodisiac censorship of the Expressionist technique, they are as far from reality as the primordialism of love in a state of nature that seems to have succored them. And is there any significance to a painterly assault on such a subject that turns to thickly mangled ribbons of muddiness? There are also cityscapes in half-written, half-painted planes that jiggle across the surface in a coat of many lugubrious colors. (Reuben, Mar. 11-31.)—S.T.

**William Krallman:** A young painter from Kansas City, who has been frequently exhibited in group shows both here and in the West, shows paintings and a series of gouaches. These thirty odd gouache paintings, which are hung in rows like flags, compose what the artist calls "The Family." They consist of brilliantly hued images which, as well as presenting a sophisticated parody of child art, make ironic comments on family life. There is a properly menacing *Mother-in-Law*, a totem-like *Family Ancestor* and a Kafkaesque *Family Pet*. These images are simplified in form and boldly stated in clear primary colors. Krallman's major oil, *The Tattooed Mother*, is composed of many of the same pictorial elements employed in the gouaches, which are formally and psychologically related in this large panorama. (Aegis, Feb. 5-Mar. 4.)—B.B.

**Oskar Moll:** Some thirty-five works are shown in the first New York exhibition of this German painter who was associated with several of the most important art movements in the first part of the century. First a pupil of Lovis Corinth, Moll later found himself more in sympathy with current French painting than with German Expressionism. He was already established in avant-garde circles in Berlin when he left for Paris in 1907. There he met Matisse—was, in fact, one of the founding members of the Académie Henri Matisse. Although the influence of Matisse is evident in all the paintings shown here (none of which are earlier than 1908), his work also shows a debt to Cubism. What is his is a very individual color sense, mellifluous and harmonious rather than strikingly bright or monotone, and also a compression of form peculiar to his work. Moll uses a variety of shapes and objects in the center of his paintings, each on a separate plane in shallow depth. These forms are concentrated in the middle of the picture and on the middle plane. His work is both structural and decorative. (Hutton, Mar. 1-26.)—B.B.

**Alexander MacKenzie:** The Cornwall coast, which has inspired so many of the outstanding English painters of the last generation, provides the subject for the pictures of this young English artist who is having his first showing in the United States. The titles, such as *High Cliffs*, *Night Forms* and *Black Islands*, suggest the kind of image which he portrays, but the treatment is so abstract that the scenes are suggested rather than described. The colors are restrained, subdued browns, olive greens and grays being the most common, and the technique is careful and deliberate, closer to Nicholson than to the Abstract Expressionists. MacKenzie's work is elegant and tasteful, but it lacks the intensity which made Graham Sutherland's treatment of the same subjects so memorable. (Durlacher, Feb. 2-27.)—H.M.

**Jacques Cordier, Pierre Even:** The work of both these young French painters is pictorial. Cordier paints canal and river scenes, drawing upon the generalized modern idiom that has re-



duced the techniques of each major school to mere devices, appearance without structure. Thus his anatomization of light into arbitrary planes carries no conviction and seems to be merely a concession to modernity. Pierre Even paints the spectacle of the horse races—the race itself, the parade of the horses, the clubhouse, etc. He is drawing upon Dufy, and one would say upon Guys, if his glance at the elegant or the charming were to come more in focus. As it is, the warmth of these scenes proceeds directly from the great quantity of blue. (Eggleston, Feb. 29–Mar. 31.)—G.D.

**Buffie Johnson:** After completing the "largest abstract mural in the world, measuring more than nine thousand square feet," for the Astor Theatre in New York, Miss Johnson drastically changed her earlier style. All but two paintings in the show are in this new direction; it is difficult to believe that they are the works of the same artist. And the change can hardly be called a liberation. Where before her color was opulent, it is now meager and harsh; where forms earlier elbowed each other to make room for themselves on the canvas, now they are sparse and disconnected. Slightly curved vertical strokes march on a white ground from the left, or a dark, dry, continuous line spirals downward. These occur against a feathered background of short, curved strokes. It is difficult to say just what might come of them, for now they seem like diagrams of movement for some action whose character is not yet determined. (Bodley, Mar. 14–26.)—A.V.

**Priscilla Pattison:** A sculptress, Miss Pattison is having her first one-man show in New York. She works in welded bronze and steel, both abstractly and figuratively, but shares the confusion of many sculptors who—because they do not understand abstraction—miss the point of figurative volume also. This means in her work a confusion of open and closed forms lacking complementarity. A figure and bicycle are thus skeletalized while retaining naturalistic proportions, and the abstracted forms of *Sea Grass* and *Autumn Flame* are enveloping floral shapes conceived for their abstract proportions yet favoring a state of nature that compromises their abstract identity. An attractive relief of metal shapes on an exposed armature represents a *Hilltown* stylized by analogizing a shape to a particular, and it works because it is decorative. (Juster, Mar. 7–26.)—S.T.

**Timothy Hennessy:** A young St. Louis painter now living in Paris shows a series of recent canvases. The dominant theme in these paintings is an even spider web of black lines enclosing grays, reds, whites and bright near-primary hues. The lines, covering the surface virtually to the edge of the canvas, are more prominent than the pattern of the colors within them. The enclosed colored shapes are all small ovals painted in a flat even tone. The total effect is like stained glass. In two paintings Hennessy breaks this tight mold; the forms are similar to those described above but are allowed to spill down the canvas on a ground of yellow or green in which one can see the movements of his brush. These two paintings are by far the most interesting. (Iolas, Jan. 18–Feb. 3.)—B.B.

**Karl May:** The Nazis considered May, who was born in Austria in 1901 and now lives in Canada, a decadent artist and burned his work. May reached Canada via Iran and presumably found a substitute for the primitivism of the Die Brücke group which had a formative influence on him. His works retain many Germanic traits—Nolde is evident in his studies of Eskimo life—but a more conventional realism has entered into his style and with it local color. The forms strive for flatness, but real space insists on detail. *Crows in Moonlight* is theatrical in its setting of triangular

blue mountains and shadowy birds in the foreground. *Sunset* is equally ambiguous spatially with its combination of realistic and Expressionistic ideas and the imposed faceting that attempts to bring them up to date. (International, Feb. 26–Mar. 7.)—S.T.

**Ageneore Fabbri:** There are sculptors who utilize mutilation to transform, like Richier, but Fabbri, who is forty-eight and lives in Milan, has only a predilection for certain bizarre formations in which the figure is recognizable largely through the dispensation of association. His bronzes favor unlikely mutations of bone and tissue manifest as charred carcasses, blistered and creased as if they had been exposed to extreme heat. Expression is more in the development of surfaces than the imagery, which is agonized by festoons of spikes and little rashes of corrugated metal. More literal works are senselessly spiky, presumably to incite the feeling of a great and tragic sentiment, but they represent a waste of the humor and illustrative charm of his earlier, stylized realism. (Contemporaries, Jan. 18–Feb. 6.)—S.T.

**Lil Picard:** This exhibition represents a considerable advance over Miss Picard's last show, which included a number of disastrous collages. She shows abstractions based on a series of differently colored S-curves countered by lozenges of color floating in free space. Despite their loose handling, they are fairly harsh, didactic essays compared to abstract versions of a stained-glass window which she recalls from her native Strasbourg. These rosettes also follow different color schemes suggesting a correspondence to different hours of the day and are accomplished in a vigorous knife-and-brush technique that preserves a degree of suggestion while expediting the artist's fascination with color. Other canvases are punctured and slashed according to some obscure intention. (Fleischman, Feb. 21–Mar. 11.)—S.T.

**Hazard Durfee:** Venice and Florence and its hinterland are the subjects of this show; a slight, linear Cubism obedient to these scenes and their perspective is the technique. As an amalgam it is a "forlorn hope," but is nevertheless one of the most numerous of the current categories. Durfee's version has an airiness produced by frequent glazes, an occasional somberness as darkness gathers about an object, such as a cypress in the Tuscan landscape, and now and then a velocity of the surface caused by an attenuation of the forms. The latter used in Venetian scenes distantly suggests Guardi. (Grand Central Moderns, Mar. 1–17.)—D.J.

**Emile Norman:** The most striking thing about the wood sculptures of this show is the medium itself, which is extraordinarily handsome. Tiny squares, splinters, dots of rich woods are set like mosaic in a plastic grout which itself has been mixed with the wood fibers for coloring. The plastic is a molded shell, and the forms it takes are frankly decorative and gracious. The large ebony and benign *Horse* and the smaller *Guinea Fowl* (twenty inches long) are fine examples of the decorative impulse taking itself seriously as just that. There is great skill in the craftsmanship and an unobtrusive finesse in the modulations from the rich to the plain. (Feingarten, Feb. 1–29.)—G.D.

**Elias Newman:** These scumbled encaustics show various degrees of control over the shimmering Impressionistic values and fusing patterns that can be created with the wax medium. Trees, for instance, fall into step with the technique immediately, but the textural scintillation sometimes breaks down forms when there is no apparent attempt to do so. While his autumnal and winter scenes are relatively crisp, Newman's feeling for landscape is authentically diffuse usually, and in

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a pair of small canvases, *Regatta Sunset* and *Lone Sail*, a kind of Turneresque Impressionism homogenizes the surfaces, blending little sailboats in merging sky and sea. (Babcock, Feb. 29-Mar. 19.)—S.T.

**Felix Ruvolo:** Much of our abstract painting seems conceived as part of an effort to meet the competition of ideas that caught the public imagination first. Ruvolo's contribution comes in a highly charged format with wildly crisscrossing and opposing planes of force and color rapids that go zigzagging across the surface. There are a number of volatile designs to choose from, but basically they all charge forward in increasing crescendos of color that occasionally pause to cool off in a violent grove of greens. Then the plunge into heat, with greater and greater vehemence across surfaces whose vastness seems pointless except as a competitive issue—at which point the man's effort to face the gaff draws the admiration of curiosity. (Poindexter, Feb. 29-Mar. 19.)—S.T.

**Felipe Orlando:** Rather like cephalopods, these figurative images are suspended in an aqueous light which passes through them, revealing something like a system of pumps, valves and fan-shaped appendages. Based on the rites of West Indies secret societies, their semiabstract status reveals nothing of that nature. The sense of ritual is used merely to mitigate the formal elaboration, producing eerie jungle greens and reds. A series largely in blue-grays is more opaque—the feeling one probably has the morning after a toot with the mysteries. Orlando is a Cuban now living in Mexico. (De Aenlle, Feb. 22-Mar. 13.)—S.T.

**Walter H. Stevens:** *Stone Thrust*, one of two large water colors that are exhibited with the oils, shows the artist's point of departure in painting from nature. In itself it is an extreme point, all but abstract, for the water color retains only a hint of rock formations against the sky. But even this hint no longer remains in the larger oils. The important thing that remains—and that places Stevens in the easel-painting tradition—is the essential structuring according to figure and ground. There is always a central, abstract form—like an exploded portrait or a widely demolished still life. But what we have is a picture of violence rather than a manifestation of it, for Stevens' attack upon the canvas is not violent. Neither is it lacking in energy or animation, for there is a great deal of both. The individual brush stroke is used as a form, and the impasto is varied resourcefully, ranging from level near the edges to ridged in the central image. Occasionally the picture of violence has a faint air of horror. *North Island I* is notable for the way the energy of the central explosion is carried to the four corners without confusing the relation of figure and ground. This is the artist's first one-man show in New York. (Contemporary Arts, Mar. 14-Apr. 1.)—G.D.

**James Bumgardner:** Still another effort to apply the liberated painterliness of Abstract Expressionism to representative material is evident in these large canvases, all of which involve a woman and an owl and a few simple pieces of furniture. While the figurative element is used to manipulate interior space in broad, flat designs, it draws attention to itself through the sophisticated infantilism of its graphic qualities and the interrelationship of the owl and the lustful female which consciously or unconsciously restates the Salome theme. Wisdom (or reason) replaces the spirituality of John the Baptist. But if for decapitation we should read castration, the bright color and fluid paint application tell another story. (Fleischman, Mar. 13-Apr. 1.)—S.T.

**Jacques Zimmerman:** The dynamic movements in these abstractions by a young Belgian artist seem to issue from the energy released by disintegrating matter. Waves, rocks, trees, light and

color seem in passage from form to energy, resulting in new structures composed of arclike movements or centrifugal patterns that seem like a bursting of the surface itself. Sometimes the movement freezes into bent, softly angular forms, but the more momentous designs predominate. And when the energy on occasion frees itself from atmosphere the result suggests Hartung, though Zimmerman does not leave space unattended, painting the background in flat or mottled designs which crowd his movements into a naturalistic setting. There are promising aspects here. (Selected Artists, Mar. 15-Apr. 2.)—S.T.

**Tadashi Asoma:** The first one-man show of this young Japanese reveals an artist of considerable promise. Painting in broad, flat strokes and brilliant hues, Asoma shows a wonderful sense of color, using glowing reds, blues and yellows against blacks and whites. Although the style is far closer to the School of Paris than to the Japanese tradition, the subtle form and color relations show a typically Oriental sensitivity. The subjects are still lifes and figures, but the colors, textures and shapes are more important than the objects represented. (Mi Chou, Mar. 1-26.)—H.M.

**Herbert E. Feist:** This first one-man show consists of small semiabstractions in mixed media landscapes, buildings, portraits. In the method of exploding the pictorial detail and of following as it were, the paths of the fragments, Feist seems to derive from Marin, though his effects are far heavier and darker. The excitement lies in the technique, not the subjects, though *European City with River* is notable for maintaining the structure of the skyline in the midst of the whirling energies which threaten to dissolve it. (Galerie A, Feb. 29-Mar. 13.)—G.D.

**Isabella Markell:** Small water colors of Venice, Salzburg, Lower Manhattan, Istanbul and Athens are outstanding. The light, color and characteristic shapes of the cities are expressed quickly and surely. Paintings of the East River piers off lower Manhattan are rightly dark, moody and foreboding; Istanbul is lightly fanciful; Athens golden and sculptural. Two large oils, one of Venice, the other of Manhattan at Brooklyn Bridge, plod along in chromolitho color; a number of etchings are also shown, similarly less attractive than the fine small water colors. (Bodley, Feb. 29-Mar. 12.)—A. V.

**Eva Fischer:** Supposing all dates were lost, presumably they could be restored by calculating the stylistic rate of decay through an aesthetic Carbon 14 test. If Miss Fischer's paintings were the gives quantity it could certainly be guessed that Cubism was not recent, that it has had time to deteriorate endlessly. These Italian imports are carefully linear boats and buildings, with an occasional line absent or altered, superimposed upon amorphous color casually matching some of the areas of the objects. (Bianchini, Mar. 1-31.)—D.J.

**Magda Andrade:** Flowers, the human figure, nudes, still lifes and landscapes are painted in a romantically realistic style by this Venezuela-born Parisian. The touch and color are heavy—the latter running to a pretty consistent combination of whitened alizarin and ultramarine. Two canvases distinguish themselves in this group: *Still Waters*, a landscape with a yellow sky, in which the palette is expanded and the natural forms more accurately investigated; and what seems to be an abstraction from tree or plant forms, in which a linear structure is draped about the edges of the canvas, leaving the center to a deepening well of blue. (Wildenstein, Mar. 9-26.)—A.V.

**Ludolfs Liberts:** A memorial exhibition for this Lithuanian painter, who came here in 1950 and died nine years later at the age of sixty-three.



surveys through paintings and monographs a lifetime dedicated to sentimental romanticism. He was interested in the theater, but theatricality in his art meant overlit landscapes and cityscapes, dark, melodramatic interiors and run-down villages. He was a nineteenth-century artist whose death left a number of incomplete canvases, one of which reveals his Impressionist underpainting of a landscape. It resembles a Monticelli and, by modern standards, is his most satisfactory work. (Barbizon Plaza, Feb. 2-16.)—S.T.

**Yonia Fain:** The vivacity of the bright oils in this exhibition comes from a counterpoint of big, static volumes with sweeping, nervous lines which in most of the paintings sketch out a kind of caricature of the human. The *élan* of the brushwork is a little studied. Fain is most successful as a colorist, for it is partly the conjunction of acid hues which gives the clarity and brilliance of the work. His wit is most convincing when there is an extreme reduction of means—when the cartoonlike figures have become most skeletal and linear. (Krasner, Feb. 29—Mar. 19.)—G.D.

**Cecil Beaton:** For those who admire the clever and sophisticated photographs of this remarkable Englishman, his exhibition of paintings will come as a real disappointment. Not only are these canvases unworthy of exhibiting—they are largely sketches of the stage settings for the musical *Saratoga*, and slick society portraits of a very conventional kind—they even lack the kind of elegance and perfection which one would expect from someone like Beaton. Perhaps it simply proves that the gift which makes an outstanding photographer is very different from the one required for a good painter. (Sagittarius, Mar. 28-Apr. 9.)—H.M.

**Robert Banks:** Something of the gentlemanly English water-color style of perhaps a century ago is invoked in this work by an artist who up to three years ago was a city planner in England. But the setting of these tinted works is Italy, where the orderliness of time has settled into things. Banks is sentimentally drawn to crumbling walls, farm huts, crude implements, dark, sturdy interiors and the gentle vistas of small towns clustered in the distance. He has an architect's feeling for façades and detail, but a light, airy touch that makes them palatable in a nostalgic way. (Isaacson, Jan. 12-Feb. 6.)—S.T.

**Irving Kaufman:** In his first one-man show, this young New York-born artist, who now teaches at the University of Michigan, exhibits a group of sensitive and colorful landscapes executed in what might be called an Abstract Impressionist style. Especially fine are the mountain scenes, such as *Lower Corniche*, where the radiant colors and the spirited brushwork recall the landscapes of Koschka. In other works the use of many different kinds of nervous brushwork results in confusion rather than a unified image. (Rehn, Feb. 29-Mar. 19.)—H.M.

**George Nelson Preston, John Purpura:** A kind of atmospheric vapor hangs over Preston's landscapes, facilitating their drift to abstraction but failing to resolve the artist's struggle with natural forms. Less of this sort of imposition is found in the brooding *Madrugada for Federico Garcia Lorca*. Preston's sheet-metal sculptures explore the volumes and concavities of figures in quasi-abstract fashion. Purpura's paintings are composed of floating color areas, loosely fitted like flagstones. (Phoenix, Feb. 19-Mar. 3.)—S.T.

**Francisco Borès:** Although this artist is a native of Spain, his work is very much in the French tradition, the style coming largely from Braque. This is particularly true of Borès' still lifes, which, like Braque's, are concerned with the formal organization and the color pattern. Borès' colors

tend toward blues, varying from dark purple tones to light azures, and various greens. The results, although pleasing enough in a decorative way, add little to what others have done. More original are the beach scenes painted in light yellows, pale blues and whites, but even in these the essential thinness of Borès' work is evident. (Loeb, Feb. 17-Mar. 12.)—H.M.

**Lowren West, Harley Perkins:** West's large collages derive from Marca-Relli but seek nature in abstraction patterns in their associations of landscape and weather-beaten walls. Perkins' paintings of crystalline surfaces have their roots in Cubism. The means have become the ends, and the effort to intensify them while keeping the plan decentralized leads to glittering colors, sensitively handled, diffused throughout the plane. (James, Mar. 11-31.)—S.T.

**Harry Mathes:** Veteran abstractionist Mathes is seventy-five and still pursuing the ways and means of Synthetic Cubism. It is still a presence in these recent works, even though his Picassoisms have yielded to almost complete abstraction with bits of colored forms floating in a milky white. Trailing, residual lines attempt to cope with the ensuing surface disorder. (Pietrantonio, Mar. 1-15.)—S.T.

**Milton Kahn:** These somewhat primitive abstractions, of a minor but present merit, are being sold for the benefit of the Police Athletic League. The prevalent device is a partial spectrum sequence, varied as to context from obliquely representational to abstract, such as that of the serried crenelated bands of *Symphony, Four Movements*. (Kottler, Mar. 7-19.)—D.J.

**Lidia Silvestri:** This first New York show for the Italian sculptress consists of small, abstract bronzes, all unique. They are notable for gathering to themselves not so much space as an atmosphere, for though they are abstract they retain pictorial metaphors—as if the space were a deepened picture plane rather than purely physical. The finish is grainy and rough, sometimes with the appearance of frozen flow. There is a recurrent symbol of a disk and spire, and there are similes of the human figure in the vertical evolution of bulges and truncated appendages. The over-all effect is handsome, imaginative and restrained. (Feingarten, Mar. 1-12.)—G.D.

**Marguerite Lewis:** An exceeding casualness is nearly unmitigated by an infrequent vigor of brushwork, occasional organization, and, rarely, robust color. Most of the portraits, buildings and landscapes are dominated by delineating line. A painting less so, perhaps the best, is *The House of the Monument Maker*, in which several sienna doors are relatively well placed and contrasted against the bluish-green house and trees. (Este, Mar. 11-26.)—D.J.

**Lloyd Lozes Goff:** The moon and the sun, their forces as light, are Goff's subjects. Though the land shows, it figures only as a dense relief against the light-spattered sky, or as the receiver of the sky's light. Goff is hardly interested in the painting of it, reserving his energy for the flung, stroked and scraped yellows, pinks and white that storm the sky with light. *Lincoln's Moon* is an exception. Here the dark ground is an important part of the painting. The moon's light enters on a reflecting lake, uniting it with sky and vivifying the whole surface. (Juster, Feb. 15-Mar. 5.)—A.V.

**Ernest Leyden:** Born in Rotterdam and an intimate of Mondrian, the architect Rietveldt and the philosopher Schoenmakers, Leyden came to this country in 1940. He lives in California. He works with a geometry compromised not only by light but by suggestions of natural forms and space and by a rhythmic placement of transpar-

continued on page 69

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# WHERE TO SHOW

## NATIONAL

**New York, N. Y.:** 93rd Annual Exhibition, American Watercolor Society, National Academy Galleries, April 7-24. Open to all artists. Jury. Prizes. Write: Exhibition Sec'y., American Watercolor Society, 175 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

**Arts Center Gallery, Monthly Show.** Open to all artists. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$5. Write: Arts Center Gallery, 545 Avenue of the Americas, New York 11, N. Y.

**City Center Gallery Monthly Juried Exhibitions.** Open to all artists. Medium: oil. Prizes. Work for April exhibition due March 11-12. Write: Ruth Yates, Director, City Center Gallery, 58 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

**John Gregory Award Competition, National Sculpture Society.** Open to all sculptors under 45 who are citizens of U.S. Prize of \$500 for work executed in the tradition of classic sculpture; portrait heads excluded. Photos due by Apr. 1. Write: National Sculpture Society, 1083 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

**Pulitzer Traveling Scholarship of \$1,500,** to be awarded to an art student between 15 and 30 years old who is enrolled in any accredited art school in the United States. A representative body of work in one medium must be submitted for jury consideration. Entry blanks due March 25, work due April 1. Write: Vernon C. Porter, Director, National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

**Oakland, Calif.:** Exhibition of Contemporary Religious Prints, California College of Arts and Crafts, April 23-May 22. Open to all artists. All print media. Jury. Purchase awards. Entry cards due March 15. Write: Office of Public Information, California College of Arts and Crafts, 5212 Broadway, Oakland, Calif.

**Oklahoma City, Okla.:** Oklahoma Printmakers' Society 2nd National Exhibition—Water Colors, Oklahoma Art Center, April 17-May 15. Open to all artists. Jury. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry cards due March 25, work due April 1. Write: Oklahoma Printmakers, c/o Oklahoma City University, Oklahoma City 6, Okla.

**Peoria, Ill.:** Peoria Art Center Drawing and Monotype Exhibition, May 1-21. Open to all artists. Media: all drawing media and monotype. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due April 22. Write: Karl J. Moehl, Art Center, Glen Oak Pavilion, Peoria, Ill.

**Potsdam, N. Y.:** New York State University College of Education International Drawing Competition, College Union Art Gallery, April 20-May 27. Open to artists of any country. Jury. Prizes. Work due April 15. Write: Drawing Competition, SUCE, Potsdam, N. Y.

**Rochester, N. Y.:** Central Presbyterian Church of Rochester Religious Arts Festival, April 28-May 8. Open to all artists. Media: painting, drawing, print, enamel, mosaic, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Write: Carl F. W. Kaelber, 50 N. Plymouth Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

**San Francisco, Calif.:** Grace Cathedral 2nd Annual "Church Art Today" Exhibition, April 3-May 1. Open to all North American artists. Media: painting, sculpture, stained glass, mosaic, textile, metal craft. Jury. Prizes. Work due March 11 & 12. Write: "Church Art Today," Grace Cathedral, San Francisco 8, Calif.

**Springfield, Mass.:** Springfield Art League Annual Spring Jury Exhibition, George Walter Vincent Smith Art Museum, April 3-May 1. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel, gouache, print, drawing, sculpture. Prizes. Fee: \$5 (for nonmembers). Entry cards and work due March 22. Write: Mrs. Muriel LaGasse, 463 Sunrise Terrace, Springfield, Mass.

**Wichita, Kans.:** Wichita Art Association 15th National Decorative Arts-Ceramic Exhibition, April 16-May 21. Open to all American craftsmen. Media: silver, gold, glass, jewelry, ceramics, sculpture, mosaic, enamel, textile. Fee: \$3. Work due March 19. Write: Maude G. Schollenberger, 401 North Belmont, Wichita, Kans.

**Youngstown, O.:** 25th Annual, Butler Institute of American Art, July 3-Sept. 5. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due May 1-June 5. Write: Sec'y., Butler Institute, 524 Wick Avenue, Youngstown, O.

## REGIONAL

**Caldwell, N. J.:** Family Service of West Essex and Verona-West Essex Art Association Exhibition, Caldwell Women's Club, May 1960. Open to all New Jersey artists. Media: all painting media, drawing, prints. Jury. Write: Mrs. Judson Schiebel, Family Service of West Essex, 265 Bloomfield Ave., Caldwell, N. J.

**Chattanooga, Tenn.:** Hunter Gallery 1st Annual, May 8-June 4. Open to artists of Ky., Va., N. C., S. C., Ga., Ala., Miss., Tenn. Media: oil, tempera, water color, gouache, mixed. Jury. Prizes. Entries due April 15. Write: George Thomas Hunter Gallery of Art, 10 Bluff View, Chattanooga 3, Tenn.

**Clinton, N. J.:** Hunterdon County Art Center 7th Statewide Exhibition, June 5-July 5. Open to all New Jersey artists. Media: oil, water color, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Entries due May 15. Write: Hunterdon County Art Center, Clinton, N. J.

**Dearborn, Mich.:** 14th Annual Exhibition, Michigan Water Color Society, May 22-June 10. Open to present and former residents of Michigan. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3.50 for nonmembers; \$2.50 for members. Work due April 29. Write: Roberta MacMullan, 7640 Littlefield Blvd., Dearborn, Mich.

**Edinboro, Pa.:** Pennsylvania Water Color Show, Bates Gallery, Edinboro State Teachers College, March 20-April 13. Open to all residents or former residents of Pennsylvania. Jury. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$2. Work due March 12. Write: Mr. Ralph Bruce, Art Exhibition Chairman, State Teachers College, Edinboro, Pa.

**Knoxville, Tenn.:** 12th Annual Knoxville Art Center Spring Jury Exhibition, April 10-28. Open to artists within 100 miles of Knoxville. Media: oil, water color, graphic, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: Work due April 1. Write: Richard Clarke, 1622 Maury St., Alcoa, Tenn.

**Louisville, Ky.:** Louisville Art Center Annual Exhibition, J. B. Speed Art Museum, April 1-30. Open to artists living within a 100-mile radius of Louisville and to Kentucky-born artists living elsewhere. Media: painting, sculpture, prints, crafts. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 for nonmembers. Entry cards due March 14, work due March 18. Write: Art Center Association School, 2111 South First St., Louisville 8, Ky.

**New Canaan, Conn.:** 11th Annual New England Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture, Silvermine Guild of Artists, June 5-July 4. Open to artists from the six New England States, N. Y., N. J., Penna. All painting and sculpture media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Write: Mrs. Ethel Margolies, Silvermine Guild of Artists, New Canaan, Conn.

**Peoria, Ill.:** Central Illinois Valley 10th Annual Exhibition, Peoria Art Center, April 3-30. Open to artists living within 100 miles of Peoria. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards due March 20, work due March 25. Write: Peoria Art Center, Glen Oak Pavilion, Peoria, Ill.

**Portland, Ore.:** 9th Biennial Exhibition of Northwest Ceramics, Oregon Ceramic Studio, May 13-June 11. Open to residents of Ore., Wash., Mont., Idaho, Alaska, B.C. Pottery, ceramic sculpture and enamel. Work due April 27. Write: Oregon Ceramic Studio, 3934 S.W. Corbett Ave., Portland 1, Ore.

**Tucson, Ariz.:** Southwestern Painters' Festival Show, Tucson Art Center, April 10-May 1. Open to painters of Ariz., Calif., Colo., N. M., Nev., Texas, Utah. All painting media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$4. Entry cards and fee due March 21, work due March 28. Write: Tucson Art Center, 325 West Franklin St., Tucson, Ariz.

**Wenatchee, Wash.:** Washington State Art Exhibition, Washington State Apple Blossom Festival, April 17-May 8. Open to artists of all Western states. Media: oil, water color, mixed media, drawing, print. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and fee due March 25, work due April 3. Write: Mrs. Barbara Jones, Washington Art Exhibition, P. O. Box 850, Wenatchee, Wash.

**White Plains, N. Y.:** Hudson Valley Art Association 32nd Annual Exhibition, Westchester County Center, May 1-8. Open to artists residing in Westchester County and region bordering the Hudson River. Media: oil, water color, drawing, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$6. Work due April 26. Write: Cathy Altwater, Sec'y., 160-15 Powell's Cove Blvd., Beechhurst 57, N. Y.

**Wichita, Kans.:** 7th Air Capital Annual, Wichita Art Museum, March 13-April 13. Open to all Kansas artists. Media: painting, drawing, print, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due March 5. Write: Wichita Art Museum, 619 Stackman Drive, Wichita 3, Kans.

**Yonkers, N. Y.:** Yonkers Art Association Exhibition, Hudson River Museum, April 1-30. Open to artists in Westchester County and those within a 50-mile radius of Yonkers. Media: water color, gouache, sculpture, prints. Award jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 for nonmembers. Write: Nancy Nemece, Sec'y., Yonkers Art Association, 11 Kent Ave., Hastings on Hudson, N. Y.

## IN THE GALLERIES

continued from page 67

ent, overlapping shapes. These contribute to a sense of multiplicity that oscillates between its symbolic deportment and a purely formal arrangement of generalities. Leyden is undoubtedly motivated by a sensed reality of some sort. His rhythmic structures suggest the poetry of shadows, and in general he is hardly hostile to the literal environment. But it is a specific asymmetrical metronomic arrangement that he is after, the beat restoring direction to a nature of light and energy. (Fried, Jan. 19-Feb. 20.)—S.T.

**Raphael Pricert:** Paintings of Florence and Italy which follow the tourist route are painted in a distantly Impressionist manner by a French artist who uses the style to intensify local color. (Selected Artists, Jan. 26-Feb. 6.) . . . **Joseph Barber:** The loose forms of the sky best realize Barber's talents in these otherwise tautly painted landscapes of various sections of the nation. (Little Studio, Feb. 1-13.) . . . **Jan de Ruth:** A facile Neo-Classicalist, De Ruth now attempts to be more emotional about the figure, painting his nudes with more movement, emphasizing the line outlining the form and even distorting a bit for the sake of feeling. (Little Studio, Feb. 15-29.)

. . . **Florence Haussamen:** Using more and more white, the artist pushes several of her paintings toward complete impressionist abstractions—the most successful works in a group that includes still lifes and interiors lacking the unifying agent of texture. (Sudamericana, Feb. 26-Mar. 17.) . . .

**Sophie Sabloff:** Collages of driftwood, stones, bark and other found objects attempt both to symbolize and represent subjects like *Archaic Ruins* and an *Italian Village*. (Panoras, Mar. 7-19.) . . . **Virginia Stonebarger:** An interior with colorful planes filtering through many spaces and other paintings in varying degrees of semiabstraction strongly dependent on color are shown in this artist's second one-man show. (Panoras, Mar. 21-Apr. 2.) . . . **George Cherepov:** A Latvian artist who came to America in 1952, Mr. Cherepov paints the portrait of his adopted land from New England to the Pacific coast in a series of realistic landscapes. (Grand Central, Mar. 22-Apr. 2.) . . . **Herbert Abrams:** His Magic Realism seeks only to capture the exact texture and appearance of studio set-ups but relaxes in a portrait and a pale landscape. (Grand Central, Mar. 8-19.)—S.T.

**Charlotte Livingston:** Land- and seascapes by this frequently exhibited painter show a fluency of draftsmanship and of color handling, particularly notable when she rejects her more conventional subjects to concentrate on harmonies of light and dark in *Elizabeth City by Night*. (Burr, Mar. 14-26.) . . . **William Gambini:** Paintings and charcoal and ink drawings in black and white by a veteran of Tenth Street exhibitions show a new preoccupation of this artist; his drawings are the most successful, demonstrating great skill in free-form draftsmanship. (March Gallery, Mar. 11-31.) . . . **Asher Derman:** In his first one-man show this painter presents a series of bright oils with clearly outlined doodle-like forms reminiscent of Arp and Miró. (Artzt, Feb. 29-Mar. 10.) . . .

**Howard Goldstein:** Oils, collages and water colors are shown by a young painter who has been the recipient of several awards and a frequent exhibitor at the New York City Center Gallery; in all three media the composition is made up of echoing abstract shapes in a manner which is both competent and sophisticated. (Artzt, Mar. 1-12.) . . . **Emmanuel Vardi, Thomas Kay:** In a two-man exhibition of painter-musicians, Vardi shows himself to be a formal post-Cubist, while Kay is primarily interested in symbolic content. (Artzt, Mar. 22-31.) . . . **Mario Grimaldi:** This self-taught painter builds his paintings—both abstract and figurative—around a vortex with heavy layers of pigment. (Artzt, Mar. 25-Apr. 4.)—B.B.

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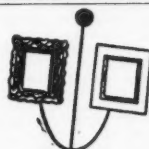
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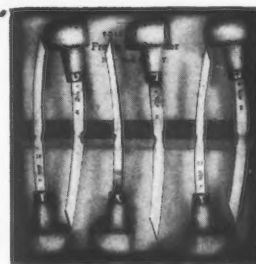


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**AKRON, OHIO**  
ARTS INSTITUTE, Feb. 23-Mar. 20: Fred Kline

**ALBANY, N. Y.**  
INSTITUTE OF ART AND HISTORY, Mar. 8-27: R. Doyle, R. Penkoff, W. Clark; Mar.-Apr.: Faculty Exhibition; David Smith; Mar. 29-Apr. 17: Marion Sharpe

**ALLENTOWN, PA.**  
MUSEUM, Feb. 12-Mar. 13: Engravings of Peter Bruegel the Elder

**ANN ARBOR, MICH.**  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, Feb. 13-Mar. 13: Gandhara Sculpture

**ATHENS, GA.**  
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA, Feb. 24-Mar. 30: Lamar Dodd

**ATLANTA, GA.**  
ART ASSOCIATION GALLERIES, Feb. 15-Mar. 15: Rubel Collection of Paintings; Mar. 15-19: John Brocks; Mar. 28-Apr. 21: Late 19th and Early 20th Century American Paintings; Mar. 31-Apr. 17: Modigliani

**NEW ARTS GALLERY, Feb. 28-Mar. 18: E. Ross; Mar. 20-Apr. 8: W. Freed**

**BADEN-BADEN, GERMANY**  
STAATLICHE KUNSTHALLE, Mar. 12-Apr. 24: L'Art Sacre Francois

**BALTIMORE, MD.**  
MUSEUM, Feb. 2-Apr. 3: Damiere, lithographs; Feb. 28-Mar. 20: Maryland 28th Annual; Mar. 8-Apr.: 15th and 16th Century Printmaking

**WALTERS ART GALLERY, Feb. 20-Apr. 10: Stained and Painted Glass Panels**

**BEREA, KY.**  
BEREA COLLEGE, Mar.: H. Bailey, F. Zimmerman

**BERNE, SWITZERLAND**  
MUSEUM, to Mar. 13: Camille Corot

**BETHLEHEM, PA.**  
LEHIGH UNIVERSITY, Feb. 28-Mar. 23: Da Vinci's Working Models of Inventions; Feb. 23-Mar. 23: Berma: Collection of Paintings

**BIRMINGHAM, ALA.**  
MUSEUM, Feb. 12-Mar. 13: Drawings from Latin America

**BOSTON, MASS.**  
HENRI STUDIO GALLERY, Mar. 5-31: Naomi Bassom

**KANEGBIS, Feb. 20-Mar. 10: Gabor Peterdi, prints; Mar. 12-31: G. Franklin; Mar. 19-Apr. 8: Hamilton**

**MUSEUM, Feb. 26-Apr. 14: Courbet Loan NOVA GALLERY, Feb. 23-Mar. 12: Joson Berger; Mar. 15-31: Institute of Contemporary Art; Future Classics**

**BUFFALO, N. Y.**  
ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY, Feb. 29-Apr. 3: 26th Annual Western New York Exhibition

**BUTLTON, VT.**  
FLEMING HOUSE, Jan. 8-Mar.: Pioneers in Modern Painting

**CHAPEL HILL, N. C.**  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, to Mar. 15: 20th Century American Paintings

**CHARLOTTE, N. C.**  
MINT MUSEUM, Mar.: Maillol, Prints and Sculpture; Fact and Fancy in Art

**CHICAGO, ILL.**  
ART INSTITUTE, Jan. 21-Mar. 20: Contemporary Japanese Prints

**CINCINNATI, OHIO**  
MUSEUM, Jan. 23-Mar. 15: Strietman Collection of Prints; Mar. 14-Apr. 15: Jan Tschichold

**CLEVELAND, OHIO**  
MUSEUM, Feb. 17-Mar. 20: Feinginger

**COLOGNE, GERMANY**  
WALLRAFF-REICHARTZ MUSEUM, Jan. 30-Mar. 1: Jean Lucard

**COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.**  
FINE ART CENTER, Mar. 1-10: Taylor Collection of Folk Art; Mar. 7-31: Contemporary Art Society 4th Annual; Mar. 1-31: Contemporary Prints from Great Britain

**DAVENPORT, IOWA**  
MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, Mar. 6-27: 1959 Southwestern Biennial

**DAYTON, OHIO**  
ART INSTITUTE, Feb. 21-Mar. 20: Dayton Artists: From Gericault to the Monet

**Nymphes: Walter P. Chrysler Jr. Collection; Mar. 2-Apr. 3: Donald Roberts, prints**

**DENVER, COLO.**  
MUSEUM, Mar. 20-May 20: Lost Cities; to Apr. 3: Structure

**DES MOINES, IOWA**  
ART CENTER, Mar. 3-20: Des Moines Collects; Mar. 27-May 8: Iowa Artists 12th Annual

**EDINBORO, PA.**  
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, Feb. 28-Mar. 18: Carl Bernadson; Mar. 20-Apr. 13: Pennsylvania Water Color Show

**EUGENE, ORE.**  
MUSEUM, Mar. 1-Apr. 10: 750 Years of Chinese Painting, Warner Collection

**EXETER, N. H.**  
PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY, Mar. 1-22: Peter Kal

**FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.**  
UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS, Mar. 13-Apr. 6: Contemporary Collage

**FRANKFURT, GERMANY**  
MUSEUM FÜR KUNSTHANDWERK, to Mar.: European Porcelain from the Collection of Asian Art

**GREENCASLE, IND.**  
DEPAUW UNIVERSITY, Mar. 6-31: 2nd Annual Exhibition of American Printmakers; Contemporary British Printmakers

**GREENSBORO, N. C.**  
THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF THE UN

**ARTS AND CRAFTS**, Feb. 22-Mar. 22: Art Festival Exhibition; Mar. 6-31: Art Faculty Mar. 2-28: Ellen Cohen  
**GREENSBURG, PA.**  
**WESTMORELAND COUNTY MUSEUM**, Mar. 16-30: Small Paintings by Americans; Recent Acquisitions  
**HAGEN, GERMANY**  
**HAGNAU**, Feb. 14-Mar. 13: Italian Artists; Mar. 20-Apr. 17: Archipenko  
**HAMBURG, GERMANY**  
**KUNSTVEREIN**, Mar. 18-Apr. 18: Hans Arp  
**HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.**  
**HOFSTRA**, Mar. 14-25: Graphics from de Cinqe Graphic Art of Philadelphia  
**INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**  
**JOHN HERRON MUSEUM**, Feb. 2-Apr. 17: 20th Century Paintings from the Permanent Collection; Mar. 13-Apr. 7: Paintings by Early Chinese Masters  
**JACKSONVILLE, FLA.**  
**MUSEUM**, Mar. 27-Apr. 14: Memphis Wood Bob Smith; Ralph Hurst, sculpture  
**KANSAS CITY, MO.**  
**W.M. ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY**, Feb. 12-Mar. 13: Old Master Drawings  
**LA JOLLA, CALIF.**  
**ART CENTER**, Feb. 24-Mar. 20: Maria Vandame; Mar. 11-Apr. 10: Water Color Society 39th Annual; Mar. 23-Apr. 24: John Baldessari  
**LAKE CHARLES, LA.**  
**ART ASSOCIATION**, Mar. 17-27: Toulouse Lautrec  
**LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND**  
**GALERIE KASPER**, Mar. 29-Apr. 15: Dutch Informal Group  
**LONDON, ENGLAND**  
**GIMPEL FILS**, Mar.: 19th & 20th Century British and French  
**TOOTH**, Mar. 15-Apr. 2: Paul Jenkins  
**WADDINGTON**, Mar.: Jankel Adler  
**LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**  
**DWAN GALLERY**, Mar. 8-Apr. 2: Frieda Dwan  
**COUNTY MUSEUM**, Feb. 24-Apr. 3: Recent Sculpture, U.S.A.  
**UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA ART GALERIES**, Mar. 29-Apr. 10: Los Angeles Painting Since 1925; W. J. Hole Collection  
**LOUISVILLE, KY.**  
**ART CENTER ASSOCIATION**, Mar. 7-31: Thomas Fern  
**SPEED MUSEUM**, Mar. 1-31: American Prints Today, 1959  
**MADISON, WISC.**  
**ART ASSOCIATION**, Mar. 27-Apr. 24: Full bright Designers  
**MEMPHIS, TENN.**  
**BROOKS MEMORIAL ART GALLERY**, Mar. 5th Mid-South Exhibition; Kubota and Carroll Cassili; Expedition to Egypt  
**STATE ART DEPARTMENT**, Mar. 3-22: Lamar Dodd; Mar. 21-Apr. 9: Everett Spruce  
**MILWAUKEE, WIS.**  
**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, Mar. 8-Apr. 3: Frederick Karoly  
**MILWAUKEE, WISC.**  
**ART CENTER**, Mar. 5-Apr. 3: Fleischman Collection of American Paintings  
**MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**  
**UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA**, Feb. 5-Mar. 21: Mike Goldberg; Feb. 11-Mar. 21: Rockwell Collection; Mar. 20-Apr. 3: Tseng Yu-Ho  
**MONTREAL, CANADA**  
**WALKER ART CENTER**, to Mar. 13: Paul Klee; Feb. 21-Apr. 3: Tseng Yu-Ho  
**MONTCLAIR, N. J.**  
**MUSEUM**, Feb. 28-Mar. 27: Hina Matsuo; Mar. 6-27: Thomas Rowlandson; Mar. 11-27: Rembrandt Prints  
**MONTGOMERY, ALA.**  
**MUSEUM**, Mar. 21: 1st Dixie Annual Meeting; Mar. 1-31: Donald A. Winer  
**MONTREAL, CANADA**  
**MUSEUM**, Feb. 26-Mar. 27: Eskimo Prints  
**MUNSTER, GERMANY**  
**GALERIE CLASING**, Mar. 5-26: Dutch Informal Group  
**NASHVILLE, TENN.**  
**WATKINS INSTITUTE**, Mar. 15-Apr. 30: Danish Printmakers  
**NEWARK, N. J.**  
**MUSEUM**, Mar. 17-May 22: Old Master Drawings  
**NEW CANAAN, CONN.**  
**SILVERLINE GUILD OF ARTISTS**, Mar. 13-31: 3rd National Print Exhibition  
**NEW LONDON, CONN.**  
**LYMAN ALLYN MUSEUM**, Mar. 6-27: 2nd Competitive Drawing Exhibition; Kenneth Forman  
**OAKLAND, CALIF.**  
**MUNICIPAL ART GALLERIES**, Mar.: Printmakers Society Exhibit #2  
**OJAI, CALIF.**  
**GALLERY OF CONTEMPORARY ART**, Feb. Mar.: Georges Braque  
**OMAHA, NEB.**  
**JOSLYN ART MUSEUM**, Feb. 11-Mar. 27: 6th Midwest Biennial  
**PARIS, FRANCE**  
**ARNAUD**, Mar.: Feito  
**DAVID ET GARNIER**, Feb. 5-Mar. 12: Buffet  
**DUNCAN**, Mar.: Prix de N. Y.  
**FRANCE, GAL. DE MAR.**: Music  
**LE GENDRE**, to Apr. 9: Chu Teh-Chun  
**VINCY**, to Mar. 23: Peter Clough  
**WEIL**, Mar. 1-14: Parturier  
**PASADENA, CALIF.**  
**MUSEUM**, Feb. 28-Apr. 3: 2nd Biennial Print Exhibition; Feb. 7-Mar. 9: Marl Coryell; Mar. 27-Apr. 27: W. Lockwood  
**PHILADELPHIA, PA.**  
**MUSEUM**, Mar. 15-Apr. 8: B. Dombeck; H. Levy  
**PHILADELPHIA, PA.**  
**PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS**, Mar. 15-Apr. 8: B. Dombeck; H. Levy

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**Museums:**  
AMERICAN  
633 W. 155<sup>th</sup> St.



**ARTS, Mar. 12-Apr. 10:** Annual Fellowship Exhibition; Mar. 17-Apr. 10: New French and Italian Painters  
**ART ALLIANCE, Mar. 1-30:** Group; Mar. 3-Apr. 3: Roe W. Hartman; Mar. 30-Apr. 20: J. Hallman Jr.  
**CARL SCHURZ FOUNDATION, Feb. 15-Mar. 31:** Van Loen  
**THE PRINT CLUB, Mar.:** American Color Print Society Show  
**WOODHURST ART GALLERY, Mar. 13-Apr. 3:** P. A. Van Seiver; W. W. Swallow  
**PHOENIX, ARIZ.**  
**MUSEUM, Mar.:** Pre-Columbian Art; Grandmothers; Morris Graves  
**PITTSBURGH, PA.**  
**CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, Feb. 4-Mar. 13:** Contemporary Art; Feb. 15-Mar. 20: Modern Japanese Printmakers; Mar. 11-Apr. 21: Associated Artists 50th Annual; Mar. 21-Apr. 24: 19th Century American Drawings  
**PITTSFIELD, MASS.**  
**BERKSHIRE MUSEUM, Mar. 1-31:** Lee Hirschfeld  
**PORTLAND, ME.**  
**MUSEUM, Feb. 15-Mar. 15:** International Graphic Arts Society, Inc.  
**PORTLAND, ORE.**  
**MUSEUM, Feb. 28-Mar. 27:** Lee Kelly; Feb. 28-Mar. 23: Carl Morris; Mar. 31-Apr. 24: Biennial Acquisitions  
**PROVIDENCE, R. I.**  
**ART CLUB, Mar. 6-25:** Direct Metal Sculpture  
**MUSEUM, Feb. 3-Mar. 13:** Robert E. Lacher  
**BALEIGH, N. C.**  
**MUSEUM, Feb. 26-Apr. 3:** European Art Today  
**ROMNEY, W. VA.**  
**STUDIO 7 GALLERY, Feb. 28-Mar. 27:** Abstractions; Mar. 28-Apr. 24: Ventures in Prophecy  
**ROSWELL, N. M.**  
**MUSEUM, Feb. 28-Mar. 25:** Paul Suttman; Mar. 27-Apr. 22: Frederick Black; Mar. 6-26: Sidney Redfield  
**ST. LOUIS, MO.**  
**CITY ART MUSEUM, Feb. 29-Mar. 27:** Contemporary French Painting; Mar. 4-27: 15 Painters from Paris; to Apr. 3: 19th Century British Prints  
**SCHWEIG GALLERY, Feb. 28-Mar. 19:** T. Hennessy; Mar. 20-Apr. 9: 3 Ceramists; Cia Bakema, tapestries  
**ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY, Feb. 15-Aug.:** Morton D. May Collection  
**SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.**  
**DE YOUNG MUSEUM, Feb. 19-Mar. 20:** Noriko Yamamoto; Mar. 16-Apr. 17: Norwegian Tapestry; Mar. 24-Apr. 24: Tobey Dilexi Gallery; Feb. 29-Mar. 26: Sam Takahashi; Mar. 28-Apr. 23: Stephan Pace  
**SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.**  
**MUSEUM, Feb. 9-Mar. 13:** Selections from the Permanent Collection; Feb. 16-Mar. 13: Raymond Rocklin; Charles Cajori  
**SCRANTON, PA.**  
**EVERHART MUSEUM, Mar. 15-Apr. 30:** Japanese Calligraphy; Mar. 1-31: M. Oettinger  
**SEATTLE, WASH.**  
**MUSEUM, Mar. 2-Apr. 3:** Forms from Israel; Robert Feasley; Mar. 7-Apr. 5: Van Gogh  
**SELIGMAN, Mar.:** Virginia Kobler, Gaylen Hansen  
**SIoux CITY, IOWA**  
**ART CENTER, Mar. 13-Apr. 3:** Weaving Exhibition; Sculpture Show  
**Springfield, MO.**  
**MUSEUM, Mar. 11-Apr. 3:** Seth Eastman; Beverly Hopkins  
**STRACUSE, N. Y.**  
**EVERETT MUSEUM, Mar. 12-Apr. 10:** 8th Regional Art Exhibition  
**TAMPA, FLA.**  
**ART INSTITUTE, Feb. 20-Mar. 15:** Eskimo Art  
**TOLEDO, OHIO**  
**MUSEUM, Mar. 6-27:** What is Modern Art?  
**TORONTO, CANADA**  
**ART GALLERY OF TORONTO, Feb. 13-Mar. 13:** 16th Century Venetians  
**ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM, Mar. 1-31:** Prints by Murakata  
**TULSA, OKLA.**  
**PHILBROOK ART CENTER, Mar.:** Young British Painters; Great European Printmakers; Claude Montgomery  
**UNIVERSITY PARK, PA.**  
**PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY, Feb. 29-Mar. 17:** Bill Hanson; Mar. 20-Apr. 3: Edwin Zoller  
**WASHINGTON, D. C.**  
**BADER GALLERY, Feb. 22-Mar. 12:** Lucile Evans  
**COLLECTORS' CORNER GALLERY, Mar. 9-27:** Maxwell Starr  
**JEFFERSON PLACE GALLERY, Mar. 8-26:** W. Colfee; Mar. 29-Apr. 16: G. Bayliss  
**ORIGO, Mar. 1-20:** B. Morse  
**WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.**  
**NORTON GALLERY, Feb. 8-Mar. 13:** Early American Folk Sculpture  
**WINNIPEG, MANITOBA**  
**ART GALLERY, Mar. 13-31:** T. Urquhart  
**UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA, Feb. 14-Mar. 13:** Jan Cox; Mar. 13-Apr. 17: Photographs of Angkor Wat  
**WORCESTER, MASS.**  
**ART MUSEUM, Jan. 21-Mar. 13:** Ancient Treasures of Peru

## NEW YORK CITY

**Museums:**  
**AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS & LETTERS** (633 W. 155), Mar. 5-Apr. 3: A Change of Sky

**BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkwy.), Jan. 26-Mar. 13:** Brooklyn-Lang Island Artists; Feb. 9-Mar. 6: Karl Schrag; to Mar. 27: New Guinea Arts of Today  
**CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS (29 W. 53), to May 15:** 1960 Gold Medal Exhibition of the Building Arts  
**GUGGENHEIM (1071 5th at 88), Museum Collection**  
**JEWISH MUSEUM (5th at 92), Mar. 12-Apr. 10:** Member's Choice  
**METROPOLITAN (5th at 92), Jan. 20-Apr. 17:** 18th Century Design; Jan. 20-Mar. 27: 18th Century Objects of Art; from Feb. 11: Spectacular Spain, photographs; from Feb. 24: Sculpture of Greater India; Mar. 23-June 10: Spingold Collection of Paintings  
**MODERN ART (11 W. 53), Feb. 2-Mar. 13:** Peter Voulkos, sculpture; Mar. 9-May 15: Claude Monet; Feb. 17-Apr. 10: The Sense of Abstraction, photographs  
**MORGAN LIBRARY (29 E. 36), Mar. 15-Apr. 16:** Rembrandt Drawings from American Collections  
**NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN (1083 5th), Feb. 25-Mar. 20:** 135th Annual  
**N.Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY (5th at 42), Jan. 6-Mar. 31:** The Book of India; to Mar. 15: Hanga, Modern Japanese Prints  
**PRIMITIVE ART (15 W. 54), Feb. 17-May 8:** Sudanese Sculpture  
**RIVERSIDE (Riverside Dr. at 103), Feb. 28-Mar. 27:** American Abstract Artists  
**STATEN ISLAND INSTITUTE OF ARTS & SCIENCES (75 Stuyvesant Pl.), Feb. 21-Apr. 17:** Richard B. Baker Collection of American Painting

### Galleries:

A.C.A. (63 E. 57), Feb. 29-Mar. 19: Group; Mar. 21-Apr. 9: Elizabeth Olds  
**ALAN (766 Mad. at 66), Feb. 29-Mar. 19:** New Work III; Mar. 21-Apr. 9: Robert D'Arista  
**ANGELESKI (1044 Mad. at 79), Mar. 1-15:** Elemer Polony; Mar. 16-31: Erol AREA (80 E. 10), Feb. 19-Mar. 10: John Collins; Mar. 11-31: Invitational Drawing and Sculpture  
**ARGENT (236 E. 60), Mar. 7-26:** Ruth M. White; Mar. 28-Apr. 16: Cheryl Ellsworth ARKER (171 W. 29), Mar. 1-26: C. Ross, I. Eichen, C. Savage  
**ARTS CENTER (545 6th at 15), Mar. 1-31:** Gallery Group  
**ART DIRECTIONS (545 6th at 15), Mar. 1-31:** Gallery Group  
**ARTISTS' (851 Lex. at 64), Feb. 27-Mar. 17:** John Loftus; Mar. 19-Apr. 7: Yuli Blumberg ARTZT (142 W. 57), Mar. 1-12: H. Goldstein; Feb. 29-Mar. 10: Asher Derman; Mar. 14-24: Group; Mar. 22-31: Vardi, Kay; Mar. 25-Apr. 4: Mario Grimaldi  
**ASIA HOUSE (112 E. 64), Mar. 7-Apr. 17:** Hanlwa  
**BABCOCK (805 Mad. at 68), Feb. 29-Mar. 19:** E. Newman; Mar. 21-Apr. 2: M. Gekiere BARONE (1018 Mad. at 79), Mar. 1-26: James C. Leong  
**BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81), Contemporary Group**  
**BAYER (51 E. 80), Mar. 1-Apr. 9:** Six Centuries of Old Master and Modern Drawings  
**BERRY HILL (743 5th at 57), Mar. 18th & 19th Century Americans**  
**BIANCHINI (16 E. 78), Mar. 1-31:** Eva Fischer  
**BODLEY (223 E. 60), Feb. 29-Mar. 12:** R. Maione; 1. Markell; Mar. 7-19: L. Gross; Mar. 14-26: B. Johnson; Mar. 21-Apr. 2: R. Bliss  
**BORGENICHT (1018 Mad. at 79), Feb. 23-Mar. 12:** Frank Roth; Mar. 15-Apr. 2: Leonard Baskin  
**BRATA (89 E. 10), Feb. 19-Mar. 10:** Group; Mar. 11-Apr. 2: Ronald Bladen  
**BROOKLYN ARTS (141 Montague), Mar. 6-Apr. 2:** Spring Show  
**BURR (115 W. 55), Feb. 28-Mar. 12:** L. Beer; Mar. 13-26: C. Livingston; Mar. 27-Apr. 9: Early American Art  
**CAMINO (92 E. 10), Feb. 19-Mar. 10:** Ken Campbell; Mar. 11-31: Jo Warner, Bart Perry, Ross Coates  
**CARMEL (82 E. 10), Feb. 26-Mar. 10:** Group; Mar. 18-Apr. 3: William Rubencomp  
**CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), Mar. 1-26:** Mathias Goeritz; Mar. 29-Apr. 23: Maurice Grosser CARUS (243 E. 82), Mar. 1-26: Group  
**CASTELLI (4 E. 77), Mar. 8-26:** Nasso Daphnis; Mar. 29-Apr. 16: R. Rauschenberg  
**CHAMPAGNE (135 MacDougal), through Mar.:** Boris Lurie, Sam Goodman  
**CHASE (31 E. 64), Mar. 7-19:** Ann Cole Phillips; Mar. 21-Apr. 2: Leonard Creo COBER (14 E. 69), Mar. 1-19: Eskimo Sculpture and Prints; Mar. 22-Apr. 9: Horace Clark  
**COLLECTOR'S (49 W. 53), Mar. 1-31:** Group  
**COMERFORD (117 E. 57), Mar. 1:** Betty Guy; Ledaux Collection of Japanese Prints  
**CONTEMPORARIES (992 Mad. at 77), Feb. 29-Mar. 19:** Richard Anuszkiewicz  
**CONTEMPORARY ARTS (19 E. 71), Mar. 14-Apr. 1:** Walter H. Stevens  
**CRESPI (232 E. 58), 3rd Annual Membership D'ARCY (1091 Mad. at 82), Mar. 1-26:** 4,000 Years of Archaic Sculpture  
**DAVIS (231 E. 60), Mar. 8-26:** 19th and 20th Century American Landscape; Mar. 29-Apr. 16: Daniel Schwartz  
**DE AENLE (59 W. 53), Feb. 22-Mar. 13:** Felipe Orlando; Mar. 15-Apr. 3: Jose Bartoli DEITSCH (1018 Mad. at 79), Mar. 8-31: Unique Impressions  
**DELACORTE (822 Mad. at 69), to Mar. 16:** The Splendors of Ancient Peru; from Mar. 19: Ancient Coptic Textiles  
**DELANCEY ST. MUSEUM (148 Delancey), Mar.:** Lester Johnson

**DE NAGY (24 E. 67), Feb. 23-Mar. 19:** Jane Freilicher  
**DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), Feb. 23-Mar. 19:** American Art; from Mar. 22: Zajac  
**DUNCAN (90 Park ent. on 40), Feb. 12-Mar. 15:** Henry Coupe; Feb. 16-Mar. 15: Salon of the 50 States  
**DUO (1204 Lex. at 82), Mar. 1-27:** 3 Man DURLANDER (11 E. 57), Mar. 1-26: Joseph Wright of Darby  
**DUVEEN (18 E. 79), Mar.:** Bellini  
**EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), Feb. 29-Mar. 31:** Jacques Cordier; Pierre Even  
**EMMERICH (17 E. 64), Feb. 29-Mar. 26:** Esteban Vicente; Mar. 28-Apr. 23: Helen Frankenthaler  
**ESTE (32 E. 65), Mar. 11-26:** M. Lewis F.A.R. (746 Mad. at 65), Mar. 1-12: School of Paris  
**FEIGL (601 Mad. at 57), Mar. 16-30:** Galidikas  
**FEINGARTEN (1018 Mad. at 78), Mar. 1-12:** Lidia Silvestri; Gallery Group; Mar. 15-Apr. 2: Arthur Okamura  
**FINCH COLLEGE ART GALLERY AND MUSEUM (62 E. 78), to Mar. 11:** Old and Modern Masters  
**FINDLAY (11 E. 57), Mar. 4-25:** Guy Baradone; Mar. 28-Apr. 16: Michel Ciry  
**FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES (41 E. 57), Mar. 8-Apr. 2:** Fritz Woltruba  
**FLEISCHMAN (84 E. 10), Mar. 13-Apr. 1:** Jim Bumgardner  
**FRIED (40 E. 68), Feb. 23-Mar. 26:** Torres-Garcia  
**FRENCH & CO. (978 Mad. at 76), Feb. 17-Mar. 19:** David Smith  
**FRUMKIN (32 E. 57), Mar.:** The Classic Attitude  
**FULTON ST. (61 Fulton), Mar. 4-31:** New Masters  
**FURMAN (46 E. 80), Mar.:** Recent Acquisitions, Pre-Columbian and African  
**GALLERY (200 E. 59), Feb. 23-Mar. 12:** Hal Frater; Mar. 15-Apr. 5: Hugh Gumpel GALERIE a (1037 3rd), Feb. 29-Mar. 14: Herbert E. Feist; Mar. 15-31: Group  
**GALLERY 28 (28 E. 72), Mar.:** Recent European Acquisitions  
**GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), Mar. 8-Apr. 2:** Independent Artists of 1910  
**J. GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), Mar. 8-Apr. 2:** Independent Artists of 1910  
**GRAND CENTRAL (40 Vanderbilt at 43), Mar. 8-19:** H. Abrams; Mar. 22-Apr. 2: G. Cherepov; Mar. 29-Apr. 9: J. Pike  
**GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Mad. at 79), Mar. 1-17:** Hazzard Durfee; Mar. 19-Apr. 7: Byron Browne  
**GREAT JONES (5 Great Jones), Feb. 23-Mar. 13:** P. Georges; Mar. 15-Apr. 3: Group  
**HAMMER (51 E. 57), Mar. 1-12:** Joe King  
**HARRISON BLUM (675 Mad. at 61), Mar. 14-Apr. 2:** Sumi Tsuchidana  
**HARTERT (22 E. 58), Feb. 29-Mar. 26:** Louis Harris  
**HELLER (65 E. 57), Mar. 8-26:** Contemporary Italian Masters  
**HERBERT (14 E. 69), Mar. 1-26:** Cuevas  
**HICKS STREET (44 Hicks St.), Mar. 13-Apr. 2:** James De Marlis  
**HIRSCH & ADLER (21 E. 67), Mar. 8-26:** Arbil Blatas  
**HUTTON (41 E. 57), Mar. 1-26:** Oskar Moll  
**INTERNATIONAL (55 W. 56), Mar. 8-18:** 4 Man Show; Mar. 19-31: Group  
**INTERNATIONALE (1095 Mad. at 82), Mar. 2-15:** Harold A. Laynor, Vincent Popalizio  
**IOLAS (123 E. 55), Mar. 1-21:** Arling; Mar. 14-Apr. 14: Vagis, sculpture  
**ISAACSON (22 E. 66), Mar. 8-Apr. 2:** George Tooker  
**JACKSON (32 E. 69), Feb. 27-Mar. 19:** Honegger; Mar. 1-19: Goldberg; Mar. 22-Apr. 16: Calagano, Tapes, Lithographs  
**JAMES (70 E. 12), Feb. 19-Mar. 10:** W. Freed; Mar. 11-31: L. West, H. Perkins  
**JANIS (15 E. 57), Mar. 7-Apr. 2:** Kline  
**JUDSON (239 Thompson), Jan. 30-Mar. 12:** Raygun Show; Mar. 25-Apr. 14: R. O. Tyler  
**JUSTER (154 E. 79), Mar. 7-26:** Priscilla Pattison  
**KENNEDY (13 E. 58), Mar.:** Flower Show  
**KLEEMANN (11 E. 68), Feb. 29-Mar. 26:** Fritz Winter  
**KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), Mar. 22-Apr. 9:** Eugene Berman  
**KOOTZ (655 Mad. at 60), Mar. 8-25:** Raymond Parker; Mar. 29-Apr. 16: Marco-Relli  
**KOTTLER (3 E. 65), Mar. 7-19:** Milton Kahn; Mar. 22-Apr. 2: Group  
**KRASNER (1061 Mad. at 81), Feb. 29-Mar. 19:** Yonia Fain; Mar. 21-Apr. 9: W. Pachner  
**KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80), Feb. 23-Mar. 12:** Contemporary American Painting; Mar. 14-Apr. 2: John Heliker  
**LANDRY (712 5th at 56), Feb. 23-Mar. 12:** The Inheritance of Hieronymus Bosch; Mar. 15-Apr. 12: Charles Shaw  
**LITTLE STUDIO (673 Mad. at 61), Mar. 1-31:** Group  
**LOEB (12 E. 57), Feb. 17-Mar. 12:** Francisco Bares; Mar. 16-Apr. 23: Lapicque  
**LOVICO (167 E. 57), Mar. 1-31:** Group  
**MARCH (95 E. 10), Mar. 11-31:** William Gambini  
**MATISSE (41 E. 57), Mar.:** 4 Spanish Painters  
**MAYER (762 Mad. at 65), Mar. 15-Apr. 2:** Sam Spanier  
**MELTZER (38 W. 57), Mar. 8-26:** Rubbings-Village Gods of the Nagano Mountain Region of Japan  
**MI CHOU (36 W. 56), Mar. 1-26:** Tadashi Asano; Mar. 29-Apr. 23: Chi-Kwan Chen  
**MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), Mar. 1-26:** Waldo Pierce  
**MILCH (21 E. 67), Mar. 14-Apr. 2:** Xavier Gonzalez  
**MILLS GALLERY (66 5th at 13), Feb. 15-Mar. 11:** Henriette Mueller; Mar. 14-Apr.

**8: Bessie Boris**  
**MONDE (929 Mad.), Feb. 23-Mar. 19:** Senen Ubina  
**MORRIS (174 Waverly Pl.), Mar. 2-19:** Oranzo Gaspari; Mar. 23-Apr. 9: Wang Hui-Ming  
**NESSLER (718 Mad. at 64), Mar. 7-26:** Tom Vincent; Mar. 28-Apr. 16: Rose Alber  
**NEW (50 E. 78), Mar.:** European and American Painting  
**NEW ART CENTER (1193 Lex. at 81), Mar. 15-Apr. 20:** Water Colors and Drawings by Modern Masters  
**NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), Mar.:** Paintings from the Gallery's Collection  
**NEW SCHOOL (66 W. 12), Mar. 21-Apr. 9:** Art Department Retrospective  
**NONAGON (99 2nd at 6), Feb. 25-Mar. 20:** Collages and Drawings; Mar. 25-Apr. 19: Trief, Füssner, Tabachnick  
**NORDNESS (831 Mad. at 69), Mar. 8-26:** M. Siporin; Mar. 29-Apr. 16: Kachadoorian  
**PANORAS (62 W. 56), Mar. 7-19:** Sophie Sabloff; Mar. 21-Apr. 2: V. Stonebarger  
**PARIS (126 E. 56), Mar. 1-17:** Jolois and Tremblay  
**PARMA (1111 Lex. at 77), Mar. 2-19:** Theresa Schwartz; Mar. 21-Apr. 9: F. Assetto  
**PARSONS (15 E. 57), Feb. 23-Mar. 12:** Boris Margot; Mar. 14-Apr. 2: Paolozzi  
**PERIDOT (820 Mad. at 68), Mar. 7-Apr. 2:** Leon Harli  
**PERLS (1016 Mad. at 78), Jan. 19-Mar. 12:** Modern Masters, Recent Acquisitions; Mar. 15-Apr. 9: Calder  
**PHOENIX (40 3rd at 10), Mar. 11-24:** Ann Larsen; Mar. 25-Apr. 7: Lenore Jaffee  
**PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), Mar. 1-15:** Harry Mathes; Mar. 16-31: Dave Brisson  
**POINDEXTER (21 W. 56), Feb. 29-Mar. 19:** Felix Ruvalo  
**PORTRAITS INC. (136 E. 57), Contemporary Portraits**  
**RADICH (818 Mad. at 68), Mar. 22-Apr. 16:** Seymour Boardman  
**REIN (683 5th at 54), Feb. 29-Mar. 19:** Irving Kaufman  
**REUBEN (61 4th at 9), Feb. 19-Mar. 10:** Rosalyn Drexler; Mar. 11-31: Herb Brown  
**RICE (1451 Lex. at 94), Mar. 2-Apr. 3:** Carroll Aument  
**RILEY (24 E. 67), Mar. 1-19:** The Cat in Art  
**ROKO (925 Mad. at 74), Feb. 29-Mar. 23:** Bruce Currie  
**ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), Feb. 16-Mar. 12:** Marsden Hartley, drawings; Group Sculpture  
**SAGITTARIUS (777 Mad. at 67), Feb. 29-Mar. 12:** Thomas; Mar. 14-26: Mine; Mar. 28-Apr. 9: Beaton  
**SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), Feb. 16-Mar. 12:** G. Kepes; from Mar. 15: Master Drawings  
**ST. ETIENNE (46 W. 57), Feb. 29-Mar. 26:** Marlin Pajek  
**SALPETER (42 E. 57), Mar. 7-Apr. 2:** Hnizdovsky  
**SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), Feb. 29-Mar. 19:** Marsicano; Mar. 21-Apr. 9: Cameron Booth  
**SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), Mar. 15-31:** Elie Lascaux  
**SCHWEITZER (205 E. 54), Mar.:** 19th and 20th Century American, French and Italian  
**SECTION ELEVEN (11 E. 57), Mar. 1-19:** D. Budd; Mar. 22-Apr. 9: M. Kawabata  
**SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), Mar.:** Magic and Religion in African Art  
**SELECTED ARTISTS GALLERIES (903 Mad. at 72), Mar. 15-Apr. 2:** Jacques Zimmerman  
**SLATKIN (115 E. 92), Feb. 15-Mar. 10:** New Acquisitions; Mar. 15-Apr. 16: Monet and the Giverny Artists  
**STABLE (924 7th at 58), Feb. 24-Mar. 12:** Robert Engman; Mar. 15-Apr. 2: Alex Katz  
**STAEHPFLI (47 E. 77), Mar. 8-26:** Paris Obsessions; Mar. 29-Apr. 16: Joan Brown; Robert B. Hole  
**STUTTMAN (13 E. 75), Mar. 2-Apr. 2:** Julius Tobias; Feb. 10-Mar. 30: Harold Paris  
**SUDAMERICANA (10 E. 8), Feb. 26-Mar. 17:** Florence Haussmann; Mar. 18-Apr. 1: Oscar Panofia  
**TANAGER (90 E. 10), Mar. 11-Apr. 1:** Perle Fine  
**TERRAIN (20 W. 16), Mar.:** 4 Man Show  
**TOZZI (137 E. 57), Medieval Art**  
**TRABIA (14 E. 95), Mar. 1-26:** Impressionist Etchings and Lithographs; Mar. 28-Apr. 30: Leonard Ricci  
**VILLAGE ART CENTER (39 Grove St.), Mar. 14-31:** Water Color and Drawing Prize-winners Exhibition  
**VIVIANO (42 E. 57), Feb. 29-Mar. 26:** Afro; Mar. 28-Apr. 23: Kay Sage  
**WALKER (117 E. 57), Mar.:** Collectors' Finds  
**WARREN (867 Mad. at 72), to Mar. 19:** William Creston  
**WASHINGTON IRVING (49 Irving Pl.), Mar. 7-26:** Nathan Hale, sculpture  
**WEYHE (794 Lex. at 61), Feb. 6-Mar. 12:** E. J. Stevens; Mar. 26-Apr. 30: Frasconi  
**WHITE (42 E. 57), Feb. 23-Mar. 12:** Alfred Russell; Mar. 15-Apr. 2: Mary Sloane  
**WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), Mar. 9-26:** Magda Andrade  
**WILLARD (23 W. 56), Mar. 1-26:** Joyce Treiman  
**WILLARD-LUCIEN (45 Christopher), Mar. 1-19:** Louis Schanker; Mar. 20-Apr. 8: John Curjel, Sam Goodman  
**WISE (50 W. 57), Feb. 29-Mar. 26:** Milton Resnick; Mar. 29-Apr. 23: Stephan Pace  
**WITTENBORN (1018 Mad. at 79), Feb. 29-Mar. 19:** Nicholas Dean; Mar. 19-Apr. 19: Otto Eglaue  
**WORLD HOUSE (987 Mad. at 77), Mar. 8-Apr. 2:** Paul Klee  
**ZABRISKIE (32 E. 65), Feb. 29-Mar. 19:** Pat Adams; Mar. 21-Apr. 9: Robert Conover

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